

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY MISS MULOCK,

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IN THREE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

Mrs. ROCHDALE stood a good while talking at the school-gate this morning—Mrs. Rochdale, my mistress once, my friend now. My cousin, the village school-mistress, was bemoaning over her lad George, now fighting in the Crimea, saying, poor body, "that no one could understand her feelings but a mother—a mother with an only son."

Mrs. Rochdale smiled—that peculiar smile of one who has bought peace through the "constant anguish of patience"—a look which I can still trace in her face at times, and which I suppose will never wholly vanish thence. We changed the conversation, and she shortly afterwards departed.

—A mother with an only son. All the neighborhood knew the story of our Mrs. Rochdale and her son. But it had long ceased to be discussed, at least openly; though still it was told under the seal of confidence to every new-comer in our village. And still every summer I used to see any strangers who occupied my cousin's lodgings staring with all their eyes when the manor-house carriage passed by, or peeping from over the blinds to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Rochdale.

No wonder. She is, both to look at and to know, a woman among a thousand.

It can do no possible harm—it may do good—if I here write down her history.

First let me describe her, who even yet seems to me the fairest woman I ever knew. And why should not a woman be fair at sixty? Because the beauty that lasts till then,—and it can last, for I have seen it,—must be of the noblest and most satisfying kind, wholly independent of form or coloring;—a beauty such as a young woman can by no art attain, but which, once attained, no woman need ever fear to lose, till the coffin-lid, closing over its last and loveliest smile, makes of it "a joy for ever."

Mrs. Rochdale was tall—too tall in youth; but your well-statured women have decidedly the advantage after forty. Her features, more soft than strong-looking—softer still under the smooth-banded gray hair—might have been good: I am no artist: I do not know. But it was not that; it was the intangible nameless grace which surrounded her as with an atmosphere, making her presence in a room like light, and her absence like its loss; her soft but stately courtesy of mien, in word and motion alike harmonious. Silent, her gentle ease of manner made every one else at ease. Speaking, though she was by no means a great talker, she always seemed instinctively to say just the right thing, to the right person, at the right time.

in the right way. She stood out distinct from all your "charming creatures," "most lady-like persons," "very talented women," as that rarest species of the whole race—a gentlewoman.

At twenty-three she became Mr. Rochdale's wife; and twenty-five his widow. From that time her whole life was devoted to the son who, at a twelvemonth old, was already Lemuel Rochdale, Esquire, lord of the manor of Thorpe and Stretton-Magna, owner of one of the largest estates in the county. Poor little baby!

He was the puniest, sickliest baby she ever saw, I have heard my mother say; but he grew up into a fine boy and a handsome youth; not unlike Mrs. Rochdale, except that a certain hereditary pride of manner, which in her was almost beautiful—if any pride can be beautiful—was in him exaggerated to self-assurance and haughtiness. He was the principal person in the establishment while he yet trundled hoops; and long before he discarded jackets had assumed his position as sole master of the manor-house—allowing, however, his mother to remain as sole mistress.

He loved her very much, I think—better than horses, dogs, or guns; swore she was the kindest and dearest mother in England, and handsomer ten times over than any girl he knew.

At which the smiling mother would shake her head in credulous incredulosity. She rarely burdened him with caresses; perhaps she had found out early that boys dislike them—at least he did: to others she always spoke of him as "my son," or "Mr. Rochdale;" and her pride in him, or praise of him, was always more by implication than by open word. Yet all the house, all the village, knew quite well how things were. And though they were not often seen together, except on Sundays, when, year after year, she walked up the church-aisle, holding her little son by the hand; then, followed by the sturdy schoolboy; finally, leaning proudly on the youth's proud arm,—every body said emphatically that the young squire was "his mother's own son;" passionately beloved, after the fashion of women ever since young Eve smiled down on Cain, saying, "I have gotten a man from the Lord."

So he grew up to be twenty-one years old.

On that day Mrs. Rochdale, for the first time since her widowhood, opened her house, and invited all the country round. The



"SHE DID NOT ENTER ALONE; ON HER ARM WAS A LADY, ABOUT THIRTY; LARGE AND HANDSOME IN FIGURE; FAIRLY, BUT MOST BECOMINGLY ATTIRED."

morning was devoted to the poorer guests; in the evening there was a dinner-party and ball.

I dressed her, having since my girlhood been to her a sort of amateur-milliner and lady's-maid. I may use the word "amateur" in its strictest sense, since it was out of the great love and reverence I had for her that I had got into this habit of haunting the manor-house. And since love begets love, and we always feel kindly to those we have been kind to, Mrs. Rochdale was fond of me. Through her means, and still more through herself, I gained a better education than I should have done as only her bailiff's daughter. But that is neither here nor there.

Mrs. Rochdale was standing before the glass in her black velvet gown; she never wore anything but black, with sometimes a gray or lilac ribbon. She had taken out from that casket, and was clasping on her arms and neck, white and round even at five-and-forty, some long unworn family-jewels.

I admired them very much.

"Yes, they are pretty. But I scarcely like to see myself in diamonds, Martha. I shall only wear them a few times, and then resign them to my daughter-in-law."

"Your daughter-in-law? Has Mr. Rochdale?"

"No," (smiling) "Mr. Rochdale has not made his choice yet; but I hope he will ere long. A young man should marry early, especially a young man of family and fortune. I shall be very glad when my son has chosen his wife."

She spoke as if she thought he had nothing to do but to choose, after the fashion of kings and sultans.

I smiled. She misinterpreted my thought, saying with some little severity:

"Martha, you mistake. I repeat, I shall be altogether glad, even if such a chance were to happen to-day."

Ah, Mrs. Rochdale, was ever any widowed mother of an only son "altogether glad" when first startled into the knowledge that she herself was not his all in the world? that some strange woman had risen up, for whose sake he was bound to "leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife?" A righteous saying, but hard to be understood at first by the mothers.

It afterwards struck me as an odd coincidence, that what Mrs. Rochdale had wished might happen did actually happen that same night.

The prettiest, and beyond all question the "sweetest," girl in all our country families,—among which alone it was probable or permissible that our young squire should "throw the handkerchief,"—was Miss Celandine Child, niece and heiress of Sir John Child. I was caught by her somewhat fanciful name,—after Wordsworth's flower,—which, as I overheard Mrs. Rochdale say, admirably expressed her.

I thought so too, when, peeping through the curtained ballroom-door, I caught sight of her, distinct among all the young ladies, as one's eye



"AM I?" WHIPPING HIS BOOTS WITH HIS CANE. "WHY, MOTHER, MOONLIGHT IS—VERY PRETTY, YOU KNOW; AND THE EVENINGS HERE ARE—SO LONG."



lights upon a celandine in a spring-meadow. She was smaller than any lady in the room—very fair, with yellow hair—the only real gold hair I ever saw. Her head drooped like a flower-cup; and her motions, always soft and quiet, reminded one of the stirrings of a flower in the grass. Her dress—as if to humor the fancy, or else nature herself did so by making that color most suitable to the girl's complexion—was some gauzy stuff, of a soft pale-green. Bright, delicate, innocent, and fair, you could hardly look at her without wishing to take her up in your bosom like a flower.

The ball was a great success. Mrs. Rochdale came up to her dressing-room long after midnight, but with the bright glow of maternal pride still burning on her cheeks. She looked quite young again, forcing one to acknowledge the fact constantly avouched by the elder generation, that our mothers and grandmothers were a great deal handsomer than we. Certainly, not a belle in the ball-room could compare with Mrs. Rochdale in my eyes. I should have liked to have told her so. In a vague manner I said something which slightly approximated to my thought.

Mrs. Rochdale answered, innocent of the compliment, "Yes, I have seen very lovely women in my youth. But to-night my son pointed out several whom he admired—one in particular."

"Was it Miss Childe, madam?"

"How acute you are, little Martha! How could you see that?"

I answered, rather deprecatingly, that, from the corner where I was serving ices, I had heard several people remark Mr. Rochdale's great attention to Miss Childe.

"Indeed!" with a slight sharpness of accent. A moment or two after she added, with some hauteur, "You mistake, my dear; Mr. Rochdale could never be so uncourteous as to pay exclusive attention to any one of his guests; but Miss Childe is a stranger in the neighborhood." After a pause: "She is a most sweet-looking girl. My son said so to me, and—I perfectly agreed with him."

I let the subject drop—nor did Mrs. Rochdale resume it.

A month after I wondered if she knew what all the servants at the manor-house and all the villagers at Thorpe soon knew quite well, and discussed incessantly in butler's pantries and kitchens, over pots of ale and by cottage-doors—that our young squire from that day forward gave up his shooting, his otter-hunting, and even his courting, and "went a-courting sedulously for a whole month to Ashen Dale."

Meanwhile Sir John and Miss Childe came twice to luncheon. I saw her, pretty creature! walking by Mrs. Rochdale's side to feed the swans, and looking more like a flower than ever. And once, stately in the family-coach, which tumbled over the rough roads, two hours there and two hours back, shaking the old coachman almost to pieces, did Mrs. and Mr. Rochdale drive over to a formal dinner at Ashen Dale.

Finally, in the Christmas-week, after an interval of twenty lonely Christmases past and gone, did our lady of the manor prepare to pay to the same place a three-days' visit—such as is usual among county families—the "rest-day, the pressed-day," and the day of departure.

I was at the door when she came home. Her usually bright and healthy cheeks were somewhat pale, and her eyes glittered; but her eyelids were heavy, as with long pressing back of tears. Mr. Rochdale did not drive, but sat beside her; he too seemed rather grave. He handed her out of the carriage carefully and tenderly. She responded with a fond smile. Mother and son went up the broad staircase arm-in-arm.

That night the servants who had gone to Ashen Dale talked "it" all over with the servants who stayed at home; and every point was satisfactorily settled, down to the bride's fortune and pin-money, and whether she would be married in Brussels or Honiton lace.

Yet still Mrs. Rochdale said nothing. She looked happy, but pale, constantly pale. The squire was in the gayest spirits imaginable. He was, as I have said, a very handsome and winning young fellow; rather variable in his tastes, and easily guided, some people said—but then it was always the old who said it, and nobody minded them. We thought Miss Celandine Childe was the happiest and luckiest girl imaginable.

She looked so when, after due time, the three-days' visit was returned; after which Sir John departed, and Miss Childe stayed behind.

That evening—it was just the time of year when "evenings" begin to be perceptible, and in passing the drawing-room door I had heard the young master say something to Miss Childe about "prim-roses in the woods"—that evening I was waiting upon Mrs. Rochdale's toilet. She herself stood at the oriel window. It was after dinner—she had come up to her room to rest.

"Look here, Martha."

She pointed to the terrace-walk leading to the pool. There were the two young people sauntering slowly past—he gazing down on her, she with her eyes drooped low, low, to the very ground. But her arm rested in his, in a safe, happy, clinging way, as knowing it had a right there to rest for ever.

"Is it so, Mrs. Rochdale?"

"Ay, Martha. What do you think of my—my children?"

A few tears came to her eyes—a few quivers fluttered over and about her mouth; but she gazed still—she smiled still.

"Are you satisfied, madam?"

"Quite. It is the happiest thing in the world—for him. They will be married at Christmas."

"And you—"

She put her hand softly on my lips, and said, smiling, "Plenty of time to think of that—plenty of time."

After this day she gradually grew less pale, and recovered entirely her healthy, cheerful tone of mind. It was evident that she soon began to love her daughter-elect very much—as, indeed, who could help it?—and that by no means as a mere matter of form had she called them both "my children."

For Celandine, who had never known a mother, it seemed as if Mrs. Rochdale were almost as dear to her as her betrothed. The two ladies were constantly together; and in them the proverbially formidable and all but impossible possibility bade fair to be realised, of a mother and daughter-in-law as united as if they were of the same flesh and blood.

The gossips shook their heads and said, "It wouldn't last." I think it would. Why should it not? They were two noble, tender, unselfish women. Either was ready to love anything he loved—to renounce anything to make him happy. In him, the lover and son, was their meeting-point, in him they learned to love one another.

Strange that women cannot always see this. Strange that a girl should not, above all but her own mother, cling to the mother of him she loves—the woman who has borne him, nursed, cherished him, suffered for him more than any living creature suffer, excepting—ay, sometimes not even excepting—his mother. Most strange, that a mother, who would be fond and kind to the thing her boy cared for,—his horse or his dog,—should not, in all, love the creature he loves best in the world, on whom his happiness, honor, and peace, are staked for a lifetime. Alas, what a bond so simple, natural, holy, should be found so hard as to be almost impossible—even among the good women of this world! Mothers, wives,—whose fault is it? Is it because each exacts too much for herself, and too little for the other,—one forgetting that she was ever young, the other that she will one day be old? Or

that in the tenderest women's devotion lurks a something of jealousy, which blinds them to the truth—as true in love as in charity—that it "is more blessed to give than to receive?" Perhaps I, Martha Stretton, spinster, have no right to discuss this question. But one thing I will say: that I can forgive much to an unloved daughter-in-law,—to an unloving one, nothing.

And now, from this long digression,—which is not so irrelevant as it at first may seem,—let me return to my story.

The year grew and waned. Mrs. Rochdale said to me, when it was near its closing, that it had been one of the happiest years she had ever known.

I believe it was. The more so as, like many a season of great happiness, it began with a conquered pang. But of this no one ever dared to hint; and perhaps the mother now would hardly have acknowledged, even to herself, that it had temporarily existed.

They were to have been married at Christmas; but early in December the long-invalided Lady Childe died. This deferred the wedding. The young lover said, loudly and often, that it was "very hard." The bride-elect said nothing at all. Consequently every lady's-maid and woman-servant at the manor-house, and every damsel down the village, talked over Miss Childe's hard-heartedness; especially as, soon after, she went travelling with poor broken-hearted Sir John Childe, thereby parting with her betrothed for three whole months.

But I myself watched her about the manor-house the last few days before she went away. O Lemuel Rochdale, what have you deserved, that heaven should bless you with the love of two such women—mother and bride!

Celandine went away. The manor-house was very dull after she was gone. Mrs. Rochdale said she did not wonder that her son was absent a good deal—it was natural. But this she only said to me. To others she never took any notice of his absence at all.

These absences continued,—lengthened. In most young men they would have been unremarked; but Lemuel was so fondly attached to his mother, that he rarely in his life had spent his evenings away from home and her. Now, in the wild March nights, in the soft April twilights, in the May moonlights, Mrs. Rochdale sat alone in the great drawing-room, where they had sat so happily last year—all three of them.

She sat, grave and quiet, over her book or her knitting, still saying—if she ever said anything,—that it was quite "natural" her son should amuse himself abroad.

Once I heard her ask him, "Where he had been to-night?"

He hesitated; then said, "Up the village, mother."

"What, again? How fond you are of moonlight-walks up the village!"

"Am I?" whipping his boots with his cane. "Why, mother, moonlight is—very pretty, you know; and the evenings here are—so long."

"True." His mother half sighed. "But soon, you know, Celandine will be back."

It might have been my mistake, but I thought the young man turned scarlet, as, whistling his dog, he hastily quitted the room.

"How sensitive these lovers are!" said Mrs. Rochdale, smiling. "He can hardly bear to hear her name. I do wish they were married!"

But that wish was still further deferred. Sir John Childe, fretful, ailing, begged another six months before he lost his niece. They were young; and he was old, and had not long to live. Besides, thus safely and happily betrothed, why should they not wait? A year more or less was of little moment to those who were bound together firm and sure, in good and ill, for a life-time. Nay, did she not from the very day of her betrothal feel herself Lemuel's faithful wife?

Thus, Mrs. Rochdale told me, did Celandine urge—out of the love which in its completeness hardly recognised such a thing as separation. Her mother that was to be, reading the passage out of the letter, paused, silenced by starting tears.

The lover consented to this further delay. He did not once say that it was "very hard." Again Mrs. Rochdale began to talk, but with a tone of fainter certainty, about their being married next Christmas.

Meanwhile the young squire appeared quite satisfied: shot, fished, lounged about his property as usual, and kept up his spirits amazingly.

He likewise took his moonlight-walks up the village with creditable persistency. Once or twice I heard it whispered about that he did not take them alone.

But every one in the neighborhood so liked the young squire, and so tenderly honored his mother, that it was some time before the faintest of these ill whispers reached the ear of Mrs. Rochdale.

I never shall forget the day she heard it.

She had sent for me to help her in gathering her grapes; a thing she often liked to do herself, giving the choice bunches to her own friends, and to the sick poor of her neighbors. She was standing in the vinery when I came. One moment's glance showed me something was amiss, but she stopped the question ere it was well out of my lips.

"No, nothing, Martha. This bunch—cut it while I hold."

But her hand shook so that the grapes fell and were crushed, dyeing purple the stone-floor. I picked them up—she took no notice.

Suddenly she put her hand to her head. "I am tired. We will do this another day."

I followed her across the garden to the hall-door. Entering, she gave orders to have the carriage ready immediately.

"I will take you home, Martha. I am going to the village."

Now the village was about two miles distant from the manor-house,—a mere cluster of cottages; among which were only three decent dwellings—the butcher's, the baker's, and the schoolhouse. Mrs. Rochdale rarely drove through Thorpe,—still more rarely did she stop there.

She stopped now—it was some message at the schoolhouse. Then, addressing the coachman,—

"Drive on—to the baker's shop."

Old John started—touched his hat hurriedly. I saw him and the footman whispering on the box. Well I could guess why!

"The baker's, Mrs. Rochdale?—Cannot I call?—Indeed, it is a pity you should take that trouble."

She looked me full in the face;—I felt myself turn crimson.

"Thank you, Martha; but I wish to go myself."

I ceased. But I was now quite certain she knew, and guessed I knew also, that which all the village were now talking about. What could be her motive for acting thus? Was it to show her own ignorance of the report? No, that would have been to imply a falsehood; and Mrs. Rochdale was stanchly, absolutely true in deed as in word. Or was it to prove them all liars and scandal-mongers, that the lady of the manor-house drove up openly to the very door where—

Mrs. Rochdale startled me from my thoughts with her sudden voice, sharp and clear.

"He is a decent man, I believe,—Hine the baker?"

"Yes, madam."

"He has—a daughter, who—waits in the shop?"

"Yes, madam."

She pulled the check-string with a quick jerk, and got out. Two

small burning spots were on either cheek; otherwise she looked herself—her tall, calm, stately self.

I wondered what Nancy thought of her—handsome Nancy Hine, who was laughing in her free loud way behind the counter, but who, perceiving the manor-house carriage, stopped, startled.

I could see them quite plainly through the shop-window—the baker's daughter and the mother of the young squire. I could see the very glitter in Mrs. Rochdale's eyes, as, giving in her ordinary tone some domestic order, she took the opportunity of gazing steadily at the large, well-featured girl, who stood awkward and painfully abashed, nay, blushing scarlet; though people did say that Nancy Hine was too clever a girl to have blushed since she was out of her teens.

I think they belied her—I think many people belied her, both then and afterward. She was "clever"—much cleverer than most girls of her station; she looked bold and determined enough, but neither unscrupulous nor insincere.

During the interview, which did not last two minutes, I thought it best to stay outside the door. Of course, when Mrs. Rochdale re-entered the carriage, I made no remark. Nor did she.

She gave me the cake for the school-children. From the wicket I watched her drive off, just catching through the carriage-window her profile, so proudly cut, so delicate and refined.

That a young man, born and reared of such a mother, with a lovely fairy creature like Celandine for his own, his very own, could ever lower his tastes, habits, perceptions, to court—people said even to win—unlawfully, a common village-girl, handsome, indeed, but with the coarse blousy beauty which at thirty might be positive ugliness—surely—surely it was impossible! It could not be true what they said about young Mr. Rochdale and Nancy Hine.

I did not think his mother believed it either; if she had, could she have driven away with that quiet smile on her mouth, left by her last kind words to the school-children and to me?

The young squire had gone to Scotland the day before the incident occurred. He did not seem in any hurry to return; nor even when, by some whim of the old baronet's, Sir John Childe and his niece suddenly returned to Ashen Dale.

Mrs. Rochdale drove over there immediately, and brought Celandine back with her. The two ladies, elder and younger, were gladly seen by us all, going about together in their old happy ways, lingering in the greenhouse, driving and walking, laughing their well-known merry laugh when they fed the swans of an evening in the pool.

There might have been no such things in the world as tale-bearers, slanderers, or—baker's daughters.

Alas! this was only for four bright days—the last days when I ever saw Mrs. Rochdale happy and young, or Celandine Childe light-hearted and bewitchingly fair.

On the fifth, Sir John Childe's coach drove up to the manor-house, not lazily, as it generally did, but with ominously thundering wheels. He and Mrs. Rochdale were shut up in the library for two full hours. Then she came out, walking heavily, with a kind of mechanical strength, but never once drooping her head or her eyes, and desired me to go and look for Miss Childe, who was reading in the summer-house. She waited at the hall-door till the young lady came in.

"Mamma!" Already she had begun, by Mrs. Rochdale's wish, to give her that fond name. But it seemed to strike painfully now.

"Mamma, is anything the matter?" and, turning pale, the girl clung to her arm.

"Nothing to alarm you, my pet; nothing that I care for—not I. I know it is false—wholly false; it could not, but be." Her tone, warm with excitement, had nevertheless more anger in it than fear. Celandine's color returned.

"If it is false, mamma, never mind it," she said, in her fondling way. "But what is the news?"

"Something that your uncle has heard. Something he insists upon telling you. Let him. It cannot matter to either you or me. Come, my child."

What passed in the library of course never transpired; but about an hour after I was sent for to Mrs. Rochdale's dressing-room.

She sat at her writing-table. There was a firm, hard, almost fierce expression in her eyes, very painful to see. Yet when Celandine glided in with that soft step and white face, Mrs. Rochdale looked up with a quick smile.

"Has he read it? Is he satisfied with it?" and she took, with painfully assumed carelessness, a letter newly written, which Miss Childe brought to her.

The girl assented; then, kneeling by the table, pressed her cheek upon Mrs. Rochdale's shoulder.

"Let me write, mamma, just one little line, to tell him that I—that I don't believe—"

"Hush!" and the tender lips were shut with a kiss tender as firm. "No; not a line, my little girl. I, his mother, may speak of such things to him. Not you."

It did at that moment seem to me almost sickening that this pure fragile flower of a girl should ever have been told there existed such wickedness as that of which not only Sir John Childe, but the whole neighborhood, now accused her lover: and which, as I afterwards learned, the baronet insisted should be at once openly and explicitly denied by Mr. Rochdale, or the engagement must be held dissolved.

This question his mother claimed her sole right to put to her son; and she had put it in the letter, which now, with a steady hand and a fixed smile—half contemptuous as it were—she was sealing and directing.

"Martha, put this in the post-bag yourself; and tell Miss Childe's maid her mistress will remain another week at the manor-house. Yes, my love, best so."

Then, sitting down wearily in the large arm-chair, Mrs. Rochdale drew Celandine to her; and I saw her take the soft small figure on her lap like a child, and fold her up close, in the grave, comforting silence of inexpressible love.

It was a four-days' post to and from the moors where Mr. Rochdale was staying. Heavily the time must have passed with these two poor women, whose all was staked upon him—upon his one little "yes" or "no."

Sunday intervened, when they both appeared at church—evening as well as morning. With this exception, they did not go out; and were seen but rarely about the house, except at dinner-time. Then, with her companion on her arm, Mrs. Rochdale would walk down, and take her seat at the foot of the long dreary dining-table, placing Miss Childe on her right hand.

The old butler said it made his heart ache to see how sometimes they both looked at the head of the board—at the empty chair there.

The fifth day came and passed. No letters. The sixth likewise. In the evening, his mother ordered Mr. Rochdale's chamber to be got ready, as it was "not improbable" he might unexpectedly come home. But he did not come.

They sat up half that night, I believe, both Mrs. Rochdale and Miss Childe.

Next morning they breakfasted together as usual in the dressing-room. As I crossed the plantation—for in my anxiety I made business at the manor-house every day now—I saw them sitting at the window waiting for the post.



Waiting for the post! Many a one has known that heart-sickening intolerable time; but few waitings have been like to theirs.

The stable-boy came lazily up, swinging the letter-bag to and fro in his hands. They saw it from the window.

The butler unlocked the bag as usual, and distributed the contents.

"Here's one from the young master. Lord bless us, what a big un!"

"Let me take it up stairs, William." For I saw it was addressed to Miss Child.

Mechanically, as I went up stairs, my eye rested on the direction, in Mr. Rochdale's large careless hand; and on the seal, firm and clear, bearing not the sentimental devices he had once been fond of using, but his business-seal—his coat-of-arms. With a heavy weight on my heart, I knocked at the dressing-room door.

Miss Child opened it.

"Ah, mamma, for me, for me!" And with a sob of joy she caught and tore open the large envelope.

Out of it fell a heap of letters—her own pretty dainty letters, addressed "Lemuel Rochdale, Esq."

She stood looking down at them with a bewildered air; then searched through the envelope. It was blank—quite blank.

"What does he mean, mamma? I—don't—understand."

But Mrs. Rochdale did. "Go away, Martha," she said, hoarsely, shutting me out of the door. And then I heard a smothered cry, and something falling to the floor—like a stone.

(To be continued.)

#### LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

##### EUROPE.

The news by the last steamer is but one day later, and is not important. The steamer *Belgique* arrived at Southampton on the 12th, on her way to Antwerp. England has proclaimed war against Persia. The Arctic ship *Resolute* arrived at Portsmouth on the 12th ult. The bullion in the Bank of England had increased £74,800. The monthly returns of the Bank of France show an increase of 34,900,000 francs, and only 433,000 francs had been paid during the month for premium on purchases of gold and silver. At the London iron market Rails had advanced £7 15s. a £8; and Bars £7 6d. in Wales; Scotch Pig, 73s. 6d. Clyde. No intelligence of the steamship *Hermann*, which left Southampton on the 3d inst. The only notice made of the arrival of the captain and fifteen others from the wreck of the *Lyonnais*, is the following paragraph, which we find in the *Liverpool Times* of the 12th inst.: "A telegraphic dispatch has been received from Havre, announcing that the Captain and fifteen men, belonging to the wrecked steamer *Le Lyonnais*, have arrived, and have been landed at Bordeaux." A telegraphic dispatch, dated Constantinople, Dec. 5, says: "Herat has surrendered to the Persian General Mourat-Chafi. The English troops have arrived in the Persian Gulf. It is said that France is to mediate in the dispute."

##### NICARAGUA.

The accounts from Costa Rica and Nicaragua confirm our previous intelligence as to the critical position of Gen. Walker. Besides this, they show that the leaders of the allies have set their minds on seizing, if possible, the transit route. According to the reports of the Costa Rican commanders, there had been very severe fighting in Nicaragua. A number of deserters from Walker's force at Virgin Bay had arrived at Punta Arenas, who said that they dreaded the vengeance of the native Nicaraguans more than they did the vengeance of the Costa Ricans. Gen. Jerez continued in the Costa Rican service. Eight hundred Guatemalan troops were at Managua on 17th Nov. A passenger by the Illinois reports that a small coaster arrived at Aspinwall on the 18th ult., from Greytown, with the news that the British mail steamer *Dee* was at the latter port on the 15th, awaiting the Costa Rica mail, which, it was said, had been intercepted by Walker's forces at the mouth of the Sraquipa river. The advices from Granada and Virgin Bay are no later than that received at this port by the steamer *Tennessee*.

##### WEST INDIES.

The news from Jamaica is unimportant. The Legislature had passed the Industrial Immigration bill. At Demarara wet weather had interfered to some extent with the gathering of the sugar crop. The exports of sugar during the two weeks preceding November 25, reached 2,640 hhds., 259 tierces, 68 half tierces, 1,771 bbls., and 350 bags. Freight had risen from 1s. to 2s. 6d. for sugar, and from 2d. to 3d. for rum. We have advices from the city of Mexico to the 4th ult., two days later. There is no news. On the 26th ult., according to official returns, the sales of church property had amounted to \$17,277,833. Our correspondent at Madrid, writing under date of the 6th ult., states that Gen. Concha had been removed from the governorship of Cuba, and that Gen. Urbistondo, Minister of War, would probably receive the appointment.

##### AUSTRALIA.

From Australia we learn that the Victoria Colony election was proceeding, and a healthy public spirit was displayed against government influence. The Governor of South Australia had gone a tour of two thousand miles from the capital, in order to recommend a tariff union between Victoria and South Australia. A submarine telegraph cable, to connect Victoria with Tasmania, was spoken of. In Sydney, the Cowper Cabinet had resigned, and Mr. Parker had formed a new one. The gold mines yielded largely. In Melbourne, on the 10th of October, 4982 ounces were entered for shipment. The price was £3 15s. per ounce.

##### CHILE AND PERU.

Accounts from Chile announce the completion of the Cabinet. The new war steamer *Esmeralda* had arrived from England. The work on the Santiago railroad was progressing rapidly. In Peru, General Castilla was in a very critical position. Revolution prevailed throughout the southern provinces, and two of the national vessels had declared for the insurgents. Castilla was about to ask for extraordinary powers from the Convention. Bolivia and Ecuador were quiet. Nothing of importance had transpired in either republic.

#### CONGRESSIONAL.

The last week was the beginning of the holidays at Washington, as elsewhere. "Merry Christmas" was the quietest affair of the kind witnessed in Washington during many years past. The weather was unusually bright, and only moderately cold, but the streets were comparatively deserted, and parties nowhere. With the exception of a capital dinner, and an abundance of egg-nogg—the universal beverage of Kris Kringle and his times—furnished their guests by the hosts of the hotels, scarcely anything reminded the Washingtonians of the holiday. Even the boys on the streets had learned that burning gunpowder is not an appropriate mode of celebrating the birth of the Prince of Peace, and ears were not pestered by the ceaseless explosion of Chinese crackers and small arms, which in years past have bored us all day long on Christmas. Members of Congress, kept steadily in their seats, thus far, by the benign operation of the new Pay bill, have sought this opportunity, when Congress was not in ses-

sion, to run off to the neighboring cities to see their friends, or enjoy a relief; so that Washington was nearly as torpid as during a summer recess, and the news market is flat. Facts, consequently, are scarce, and Washington reports must be rather dull for the present ten days, unless the correspondents choose to draw on their fancy pretty liberally—a mode of operation not unfrequently adopted in some quarters when facts are scarce.

#### MUSIC.

GOTTSCALK'S FAREWELL CONCERT.—This interesting event took place at Niblo's Saloon, on Friday evening, Dec. 25th. As might have been expected, the saloon was crowded to overflowing, tickets with seats commanding a very high premium. It was a most brilliant audience, and was also most appreciative and enthusiastic. Gottschalk played a large number of his favorite pieces, but we do not think he chose the most striking or effective of his compositions. He played, however, most exquisitely, rendering the passages of poetical beauty abounding in his works with a reality of sentiment that touched the corresponding chords in the hearts of his hearers. His wonderful powers of execution, and that they are wonderful every one must admit, are certainly less remarkable, great as they are, than his delicate shading of the varied phases of sentiment; by turns calm, tender, subduing, passionate, fanciful and intense, he sways his auditors with the magic of a master mind, and throws the spell of his fancy or his feelings around them at his pleasure. He is one of the few who has carved out a school for himself and stamped thereon the seal of his own individual genius. America has reason to be proud of the son of her own soil, who is the first of her children who has won an art-homage from the musical tribunals of the Old World. The excitement to hear the duet between Thalberg and Gottschalk was very great indeed. It was composed for the occasion by Gottschalk, on several themes from "Il Trovatore." It was evidently designed with an eye to powerful and startling effects. As a composition we do not think it entitled to much consideration; but most of the themes are well treated; it abounds with ingeniously constructed passages, carefully adapted to the specialties of the two performers, and so well balanced and contrasted as to produce one of the most effective duets that we ever listened to. More repose would have added to the brilliancy of the climax, and would have improved the composition. Of the playing we can only say that it was a performance that we would not have missed for something very considerable. It was so exciting that at its close the people fairly shouted with the vividness of the pleasure. Loud and incessant were the shouts of applause, and although the artists tried to escape the encore by bowing their acknowledgments, it was of no use, the enthusiasm of the people was aroused and could not be satisfied with anything less than a repetition of at least some portion of the duo. A large portion was consequently repeated with wonderful force, precision, power and brilliancy, and was received with most uproarious approbation. Madame Patania assisted vocally. The concert was an immense success, and the desire seemed to be universal that Gottschalk should take another farewell, and persuade his friend, Sigismund Thalberg, the great, to be present also. We do not know if Gottschalk will yield to the desire of the people.

SIGISMUND THALBERG.—This perfect and admirable artist continues his course of wonderful success. It would be but reiteration to recount his various and separate successes. Concert after concert results in the same way; overflowing audiences and an enthusiasm which has never been surpassed. So it goes on in city after city, and so it will be to the end of the chapter. His concert in Brooklyn last Monday, Dec. 29th, which was the third or fourth in our populous suburb, was as successful as any concert that he has given in America. Every seat was filled, and the whole programme was applauded to the very echo. Thalberg's course is now eastward, and we shall soon hear of him from Boston. The Athenians will go raving mad about him, and D'Angri will puzzle some of the sagacious critics when they attempt, as they are sure to do, to draw parallel between the new comer and Alboni. However, we shall be able to form a correct opinion of the real merits of the unapproachable Thalberg and the admirable D'Angri, when we hear what Boston says.

WILLIAM MASON'S CONCERT AT NEWARK.—The success of our admirable pianist, William Mason, gratifies us exceedingly. Not only was he honored by a crowded audience, but every piece he played was most vehemently encored, and he received a full and hearty recognition of his fine powers. Pianoism is certainly in the ascendant, and we are glad that the beautiful talent which William Mason cherishes so modestly is rewarded and appreciated as it deserves.

#### THE DRAMA.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company have met with good success in their old and favorite operas. Our public seem to love what they have heard in their youth, and they look somewhat coldly upon novelties. The old standard operas continue to draw capital houses. The charming Louisa Pyne introduces nightly some of her great show songs, which no one can sing as she sings. These alone seem to have the power to draw out the musical public; for a manifest change in the attendance has taken place since these songs have appeared in the bills. Under more favorable circumstances, the success of Louisa Pyne would have been far more decided; she has borne upon her shoulders the whole responsibility, and the public recognize the greatness of the undertaking and acknowledge her splendid abilities. But one swallow does not make a summer any more than one lovely vocalist makes an opera company. The favorite fairy opera of "Cinderella" has been received with great favor by the holiday-seekers, and certainly a more fascinating or delightful Cinderella than is Louisa Pyne we have rarely, if ever seen. There will be other popular revivals in the coming weeks.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The entertainments at this establishment are varied each night. The dramatic and operatic companies perform on alternate nights. The German operatic nights are Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and the dramatic nights, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The dramatic company now works well, the members have become accustomed to each other, and the performances are of high merit and attract large and refined audiences. The German operatic company commenced their engagement on Monday evening, Dec. 29th. They chose for their first performance Beethoven's celebrated Opera of "Fidelio," in which Mlle. Johanna undertook the rôle of Fidelio. The opera was brought out with much care and liberality, and attracted an excellent audience. It was an occasion which brought out most of the eminent musical people of the city, who were sprinkled all over the house. On Wednesday, New Year's Eve, Weber's popular Opera, "Der Freyschutz," was performed to a crowded audience.

THE fair sex now play a conspicuous part among the members of the "lower house" or lobby department at Washington. To quote a letter writer, "one experienced female lobbyist is equal in point of influence to any three schemers of the other sex."

REV. JAMES AXLEY AND MINISTERIAL DANDIES.—In one of his discourses, Mr. Axley was descending upon conformity to the world among Christians, particularly in fashionable dress and manners. To meet the pleas and excuses usually set up in behalf of these departures from the good old way, he held a sort of colloquy with an imaginary apologist, seated at the further end of the congregation, whose supposed pleas and excuses he would state, on behalf of his man of straw, in an altered tone; then resuming his natural voice, he would reply and demolish the arguments of his opponent. After discussing the subject for some time, the opponent was made to say:

"But, sir, some of your Methodist preachers themselves dress in fashionable style, and in air and manner enact the dandy."

"O, no, my friend, that cannot be. Methodist preachers know their calling better. They are men of more sense than that, and would not stoop so low as to disgrace themselves and the sacred office they hold by such gross inconsistency of character."

"Well, sir, if you won't take my word for it, just look at those young preachers in the pulpit behind you."

Mr. Axley turned immediately around, with seeming surprise, and facing two or three rather fashionably dressed junior preachers seated in the rear of the pulpit, he surveyed each of them from head to foot for two or three minutes, while they quailed under the withering glance of his keen and penetrating eye; then turning again to the congregation, and leaning a little forward over the front of the desk, with his arm extended, and his eyes as if on the apologist, at the further end of the church, he said, in a subdued tone, yet distinctly enough to be heard by all present: "If you please, sir, we'll drop the subject!"

ADVANTAGES OF RAILWAY TUNNELS.—We cannot help repeating a narrative which we heard on one occasion, told with infinite gravity by a clergyman, whose name we at once inquired about, and of whom we shall only say that he is one of the best and worthiest sons of the kirk, and knows when to be serious as well as when to jest. "Don't tell me," said he to a simple looking Highland brother, who had evidently made his first trial of railway travelling in coming up to the assembly, "don't tell me that tunnels on railways are an unmitigated evil; they serve high moral and ethical purposes. Only the other day I got into a railway carriage, and had hardly taken my seat when the train started. On looking up, I saw, sitting opposite me, two of the most rabid dissenters in Scotland. I felt at once that there could be no pleasure for me in that journey, and with gloomy heart and countenance I leaned back in my corner. But all at once we plunged into a tunnel, black as night, and, when we emerged at the other end, my brow was cleared, and my ill humor entirely dissipated. Shall I tell you how this came to be? All the way through the tunnel I was shaking my fists in the dissenters' faces, and making horrible mouths at them, and that relieved me and set me all right. Don't speak against tunnels again, my dear friend." [Fraser's Magazine.]

LOVING AND FORGIVING.—"Man has an unfortunate readiness, in the evil hour after receiving an affront, to draw together all the moon-spots on the other person into an outline of shadow, and a night-piece, and to transform a single deed into a whole life; and this only in order that he may thoroughly relish the pleasure of being angry. In love, he has fortunately the opposite faculty of crowding together all the light parts and rays of his object into one focus, by means of the burning glass of imagination, and letting its sun burn without its spots; but he too generally does this only when the beloved and often censured being is already beyond the skies. In order, however, that we should do this sooner and oftener, we ought to act like Wincklemann, but only in another way. As he, namely, set aside a particular half hour of each day for the purpose of beholding and meditating on his too happy existence in Rome, so we ought daily or weekly to dedicate and sanctify a solitary hour for the purpose of summing up the virtues of our families, our wives, our children, and our friends—and viewing them in this beautiful crowned assemblage of their good qualities. And, indeed, we should do so for this reason, that we may not forgive and love too late, when the beloved being has departed hence, and is beyond our reach.—Richter.

A SAILOR IN A QUANDARY.—One of the most charming of our city belles was walking a few days ago in Canal street, dressed in that vast amplitude of skirt which crinoline produces, and tapering off till her bright hair was crowned with one of those little shells of silk and lace, styled a bonnet, when she encountered a sailor whose unsteady and devious walk clearly showed that he had taken aboard rather too liberal a supply of the "ardent." Perceiving the young lady, Jack suddenly steadied himself, gave a bewildered look at her expanded skirts, uttered a prolonged whistle of astonishment, and then exclaimed, "My God, how can I pass her, she's under full sail!" The lady gracefully tripped by, and the tar staggered on to find his way ere long to the watch-house, that port of refuge for many a poor fellow of his calling who gets on a shore spree.—N. O. Bulletin.

A PUZZLED IRISHMAN.—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at the party. "The two Crogons was one, myself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—who the mischief was four? Let me see—counting his fingers—the two Crogons was one, Mike Finn was two, myself was three, and—be dad! there was four of us; but St. Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now its meself that have it; Mike Finn was one, the two Crogons was two, myself was three, was three, and—and—be the powers, I think there was but three of us after all."

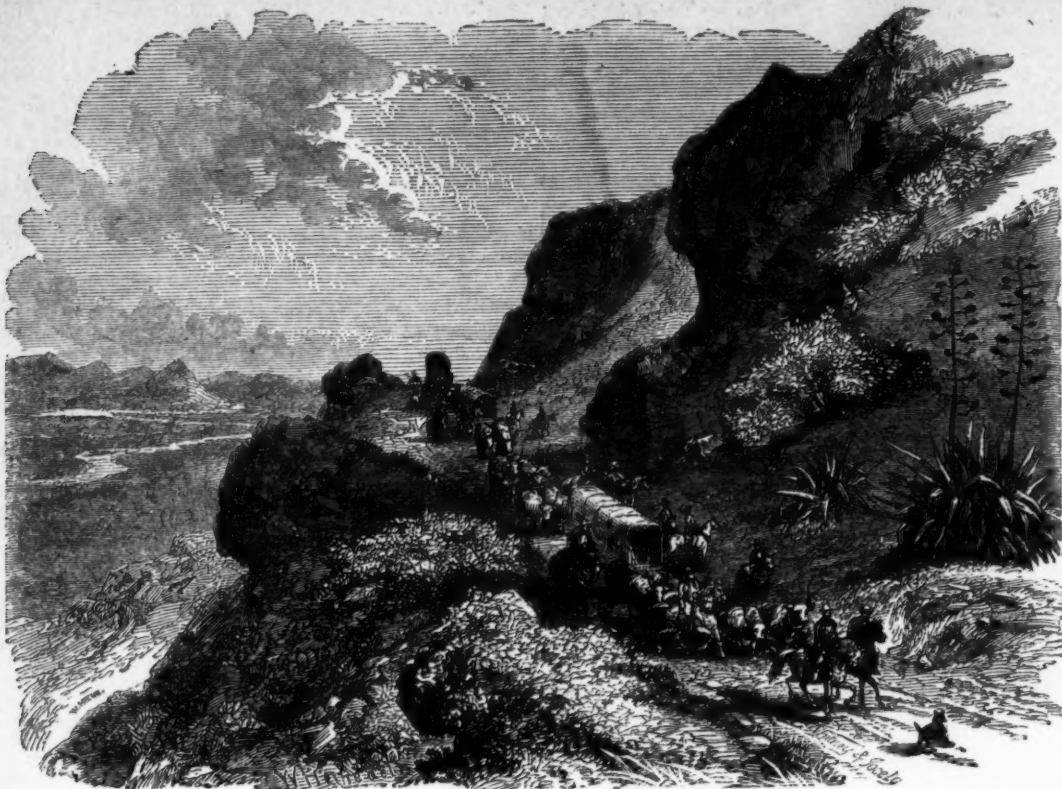
THE TURKISH SOLDIER.—It is curious to watch, as I have done, the utter contempt of death with which the Turkish soldier marches to meet the foe. He knows his destiny has been fixed since the day of his birth; he knows that he must die whenever his time comes, and that a whole park of artillery would miss him if his destiny so decrees it; finally, he knows that if he falls in battle he will go straightway to Paradise—and won't he be better off there than in this world of cares? The same feeling, indeed, predominates with the Turks whenever the approach of death is felt. I have seen them dying here in hospitals, and the calmness of their demeanor would shame many a Christian.

THE OIL MARKET.—During the past three or four months the price of sperm oil has been gradually falling, until now it commands somewhat less than \$1 50 per gallon. The decline was slow, the price falling from \$1 80 or thereabouts down to its present market value. The causes of the decline are owing to the quantities on hand, and the fact that holders of small lots are crowding them into the market. According to present indications there will be a still further decline before the movement is upward.—New Bedford Standard, 19th.

PAT AND THE THERMOMETER.—In Auburn, last winter, an Irishman walking along one of the streets saw a thermometer hanging at the side of the door on the front of the house. Stopping a moment, he looked at it, then approaching it, with a shalrah, and exclaimed, "An', faith, an' you're the little crether what keeps the weather so cowlid, are ye?" and with a terrific blow, accompanied with the usual Irish oath, brought it in a thousand pieces to the ground.

DECEMBER opened in Iowa with a severe snow storm, which lasted three days, burying up the hogs in their pens, and completely obstructing travel. Many cattle were driven to a long distance on the prairies, going helplessly before the wind.





TRAVELLERS.—CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, SOUTH AFRICA.

## COM. PERRY'S EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.

NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION OF AN AMERICAN SQUADRON TO THE CHINESE SEAS AND JAPAN—performed in the years 1852, 1853 and 1854, under command of Commodore M. C. Perry, United States Navy, by order of the Government of the United States. Compiled from the original Notes and Journals of Commodore Perry and his officers, at his request and under his supervision. By FRANCIS L. HUNTER, D.D., LL.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

VIEWED in any aspect, the Empire of Japan has long presented to the thoughtful mind an object of uncommon interest, and this

Different nations have therefore in turn sought to establish commercial relations with Japan. The Portuguese and English both obtained a foothold, but the Portuguese were finally expelled, and the English, for some unaccountable reason, voluntarily abandoned the field. As early as 1295 Marco Polo returned from extensive travels to Venice, and was ridiculed for announcing the existence of a large island off the coast of China, which he called *Tipangee*, now known as the Japanese Kingdom. Polo, his discoveries and his maps were forgotten, until the sixteenth century, when Christopher Columbus found in the early discoverer's statement what confirmed his convictions that there were great bodies of land existing, but then unknown: accordingly, when he landed in Cuba he believed he had reached the country which had been so long the goal of his most cherished hopes. He knew not that a vast continent barred his way between Europe and *Tipangee*, nor that still westward beyond that continent a mighty ocean rolled its waters, which must be traversed before the country he desired to see could be reached. The magnificent work before us, which is altogether one of the most splendid monuments of our national enterprise ever done up in the form of a book, gives the whole history of the American Japan Expedition, all the charms of the artist's pencil, of literary excellence, and of a country of wonderful interest, for the first time visited, culminate, and united, make the result fascinating beyond precedent, and we cannot conceive that a family in the United States which can possibly afford to purchase it, should be without it, either for the library or as an ornament for the centre table, where it can constantly be referred to, and thoroughly read. It is not our purpose on this occasion to go into a history of the origin of the Expedition; that is familiar to all our readers; we only desire to make a few extracts, selected at random from the richly laden papers, and at the same time introduce a few of the elaborate illustrations which profusely crowd the volume.

The picture representing "The mode of Travelling at the Cape of Good Hope" suggests the Caffre race of Africa, one of the most superior races of negroes. The Chief Soyola and his wife give an excellent idea of their physiognomy and general appearance. They are unlike most of the negro races in being decidedly warlike, and, as our readers are aware, give the British government a great deal of trouble by their predatory habits. The Fingoes, though tracing their origin to some scattered tribes of the Caffres, differ from them in some degree, and although spirited and brave in battle, are less savage, and have the character of being, as their looks denote, a good-natured people. Journeying onward in the book, we pass the Cape of Good Hope, and



WIFE OF SOYOLA.

interest has been greatly increased by the mystery with which, for the last two centuries, an exclusive policy has sought to surround the institutions of this country. With so many inducements to create a desire, it is not at all wonderful that attempts to communicate with Japan should have been made.



TANKA BOAT, MACAO.

come finally to Hong Kong, a spot in China in possession of the English. Here we meet with the amiable looking barber boy, who attracted the attention of our American adventurers, as he moved about among the itinerant citizens who pursued their



THE BRIERS—RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON, ST. HELENA.

daily routine in the streets of the town. At Macao, the Commodore was received with great hospitality. This town was at one time one of the most flourishing marts in the East, but now the harbor is almost deserted. When the Portuguese first ob-



FINGOE CHIEF, SOYOLA.

tained possession of it, they established a wide-spread commerce with China and other oriental countries. The harbor is not suitable for large vessels, which anchor in the Macao roads, seve-



TANKA BOAT GIRL.

ral miles below the town; it is, however, though destitute of every appearance of commercial activity, always enlivened by the fleet Lana boats which pass, carrying passengers to and fro, be-

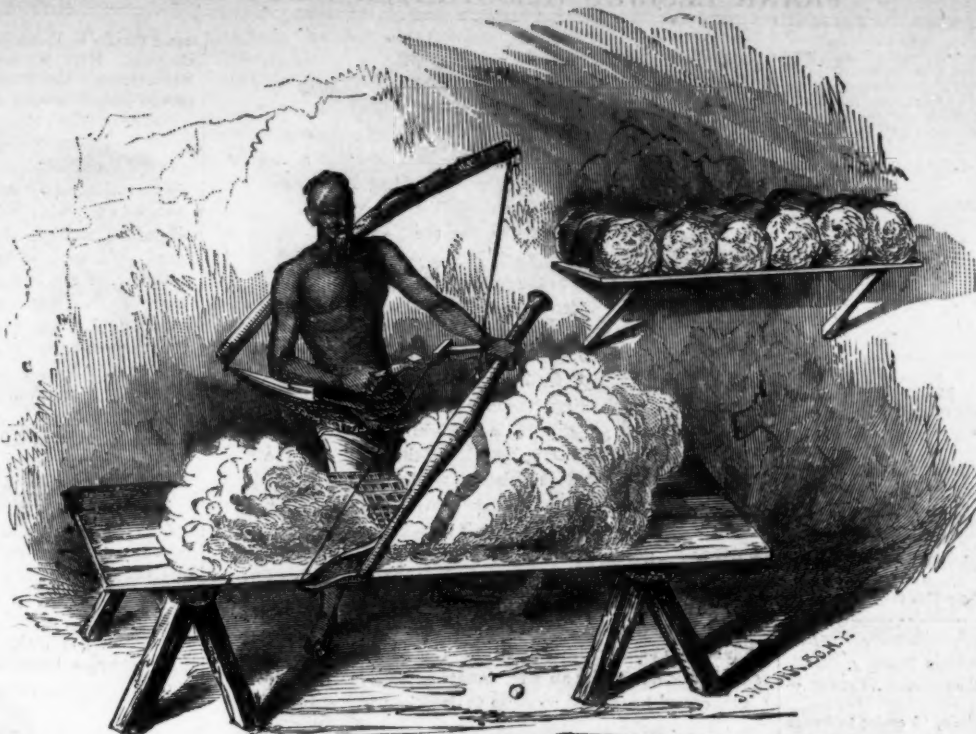


CHINESE WOMAN AND CHILD, MACAO.



tween the land and the Canton and Hong Kong steamers. The Chinese damsels, in gay costume, as they scull their light craft upon the smooth and gently swelling surface of the bay, present a lively aspect, and, as they are looked upon in the distance, from the verandahs above the Praya, which command a view of the bay, have at a distance a fairy-like appearance.

So much of the book as relates to the Chinese and to countries passed on the way to Japan, though affording the pleasantest reading possible, yet it is not until we are fairly ushered into the cities and towns of the Japanese themselves that we come to the most exciting incidents of the expedition. A new world is then opened, and we see phases of life undoubtedly eastern in their character, yet so modified by surrounding circumstances as to appear just as if one had no idea of this peculiar oriental life. Too much credit cannot be given to all persons engaged in illustrating with pen and pencil the Japanese life. We cannot become acquainted with what is furnished us without feeling that we understand and have entered into the secrets of these strange people, visited their houses, their cities, observed their social habits, their politics, and their religion. Space is not afforded us to give either the illustrations or the reading matter we desire to do, and have marked for insertion, and must therefore conclude, and deem the most fitting extract for such a purpose should be devoted to the Japanese ladies, two portraits of whom we give.



COTTON WHIPPING, HONG KONG.

United States. To the credit of the Japanese women it must be said that the women, during all the time of the presence of the squadron in the bay of Yedo, there was none of the usual indication of wantonness and the license on the part of the female sex in the occasional relations with the miscellaneous ship's people.

**AN EDITOR BURNED OUT.**—Mr. Roscoe, editor of the *Westchester Herald*, at Sing Sing, whose dwelling was lately consumed by fire, lost the whole of his printing apparatus, subscription books, and all his back files. The *Herald* was in its fortieth volume, and Mr. Roscoe had been its editor and proprietor for thirty-one years. He is well known and highly esteemed throughout the county as an active co-operator in all religious and philanthropic enterprises. The publication of the *Herald* will not be suspended, and for the present it is issued from a newspaper office in Tarrytown.

**FRANCISCO SOLANO ASTABURAGNA** is recommended by the Chilean papers as the new Minister about to be sent to Washington. He was Secretary of Legation to Senor Cavalla, Minister to Washington in 1854. This mission has been vacant since that time, Senor Marcia Reyes, who was appointed his successor, having died in Lima in 1856, on his way to the United States.

**BERANGER and Lamartine** are suffering from indisposition. It is said that the former has finished his autobiography.



JAPANESE WOMEN, SIMODA.

Says the chronicler of the expedition:  
"The wife and sister of the town official, with whom we took refreshments, smiled a timid welcome to their guests. These



CAFFRE CHIEF.

women were barefooted and barelegged, and were dressed nearly alike, in dark-colored robes, with much of the undress look of night-gowns, secured by a broad band passing round the waist. Their figures were fat and dumpy—at least appeared so—in their ungraceful drapery, but their faces were not wanting in expression, for which they were much indebted to their glistening eyes, which were black, as well as their hair. This latter was dressed on the top of the head, like the men, although not shaved in front. As their "ruby" lips parted in smiling graciously, they displayed a row of black teeth set in horribly corroded gums. The married women of Japan enjoy the exclusive privilege of dyeing their teeth, which is done with a mixture of vile ingredients, including filings of iron and saken, termed *Oha que*, or Camri. This compound, as might be naturally inferred from its composition, is neither pleasantly perfumed nor very wholesome. It is so corrosive that, in applying it to the teeth, it is more necessary to protect the more delicate structure of the gums and lips, for the mere touch of this odious stuff to the flesh burns it at once into a purple gangrenous spot. In spite, however, of the utmost care, the gums become tainted and lose their ruddy color and vitality. One would think that this practice was hardly conducive to conjugal felicity, and, it would be naturally inferred, that all the kissing must be expended in the ecstasy of courtship. This compensation, however, is occasionally lost to the prospective bridegroom, for it is not uncommon for some of the young ladies to inaugurate the habit of blackening their teeth upon popping the question.

"The Japanese women—always excepting the disgusting black teeth of those who are married—are not ill-looking. The young girls are well formed and rather pretty, and have much of that vivacity and self-reliance in women, which comes from a consciousness of dignity, derived from the comparatively high regard in which they are held. In the ordinary mutual intercourse of friends and families the women have their share, and rounds of visiting and tea parties are kept up as briskly in Japan as in the



BARBER BOY, HONG KONG.

The press of Missouri says that news from every direction betokens its rapid settlement. The *Liberty Tribune* says: "The public lands in this district are nearly all gone. We are informed that there are not exceeding 150,000 acres vacant. During the month of November 230,000 acres were entered."



YINGO WOMAN.



**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

#### AMUSEMENTS.

##### NIBLO'S GARDEN.

##### ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

The Pyne and Harrison Opera Troupe will give during the season all of their beautiful gems, including the

"SKYLARK."

Doors open at half-past six o'clock; performance commencing at seven and a half o'clock.

Admission Fifty Cents. Secured Seats, Twenty-Five Cents extra.

Orchestra Arm Chairs, \$1. Private Boxes, \$5.

All seats not sold during the day, will be thrown open without reservation in the evening.

##### BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.—NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY.

Every evening during the week, will be performed the Grand Burlesque on the fairy Opera of

CINDERELLA,

With New Scenery, Dresses, Transformations, &c., &c. Preceding which the NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Commences at 7½ o'clock. Admission Twenty-Five Cents.

##### LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE,

624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.

This new and beautiful Theatre is now open for the season. An attractive entertainment every night.

Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5.

##### BOWERY THEATRE.

LESSEE AND MANAGER, MR. BROUGHAM.

A fine entertainment always.

Open every night.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Boxes, 25 cents; Pit and Gallery, 12½ cents; Private Boxes, \$5.

Doors open at Seven; to commence at half-past Seven.

##### WALLACK'S THEATRE.—STERLING COMEDY WEEK.

The old favorites together again:

Mr. LESTER,

Mr. WALCOT,

Mr. DYOTT.

Supported by the Boston favorite,

Mrs. JOHN WOOD,

and Mrs. HOEY.

##### BROADWAY THEATRE.

E. A. MARSHALL, SOLE LESSEE.

This Theatre will open for the Winter Season with its original far-famed Stock Company, comprising all the old favorites, and introducing to the New York public the celebrated English Tragedian,

Mr. LORRAINE.

Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle and Upper Tier, 25 cents; Private Boxes \$5 and \$6.

#### A GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE!

We have in the hands of our best artists a Four Page Engraving representing

##### GENERAL WAYNE'S ASSAULT ON STONY POINT.

This picture, which will be in many respects the finest thing of the kind ever produced in this country, is from a design by I. McNEVIN, Esq., who is at present engaged in illustrating Irving's *Life of Washington*, for Putnam, and Griswold's *Life of Washington*, for George Virtue and Co., of London; the subject being selected by the distinguished artist as affording the finest opportunity for a thrilling battle sketch of any incident of the Revolution. The moment selected is when the "Mad Anthony," struck down by a musket ball, and supposed to be mortally wounded, ordered his aids to carry him into the assaulted works at the head of his storming column. The Americans are seen pressing on from both sides of the British works, the veteran troops of England instinctively rallying, but to be borne down and conquered by the irresistible spirit of American bravery.

THE Index to Vol. II. is now ready, and we would say to those desirous of having the volume neatly and cheaply bound, that our next door neighbor, L. S. Ballou, No. 16 Spruce street, does every kind of binding, from the cheapest to the most elegant, in the most artistic manner. The extent of his business enables him to systematize labor so as to benefit both himself and the public.

#### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 3, 1867.

##### THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year! We are again on the course, and see stretching before us the three hundred and sixty-five days of Fifty-seven, each destined to be marked with an incident in personal or general history peculiar to itself. No two days of the whole number will be alike, and, although we have already travelled many such periods, we are as curious as ever to know how these new comers will look.

Bravely, friends, let us gird ourselves to welcome the incoming pageant, seeing that the bright features will outnumber the sombre. Welcome to the drama of Eighteen Fifty-seven! A happy New Year to all the characters! Standing here in the charmed circle of our numerous readers, one of the managers of the performance, we remove our hat courteously, bow all round, and returning thanks for past favors, promise to furnish, as far as in us lies, a satisfactory and improved entertainment in the weeks to come. A great year, we can predict, will be this same Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-seven! The eye of half an observer can see that it

teems with great events. But, one of these concerns all of us who are makers and readers of newspapers, for, in the summer now approaching, it is pre arranged by Science and Progress a New York whisper will be audible in the cabinet of Palmerston, Downing street, London; Piccadilly will hold conversation with Broadway, and animated dialogues will pass, at a moment's notice, between Queen Victoria and President Buchanan. This will be the great feat and achievement of the Ocean Telegraph between England and America for the New Year. Thus, step by step, or, rather, stride by stride, the years are marked by the subjection of the earth to the purposes of man—with the steamboat he clips the waters, the railway cleaves the land, and the telegraph reports from one end of the earth to the other the immediate doings of the whole of our race. Happy New Year! Bright may it be with fresh auspices and still further developments of power tending to the comfort and enlightenment of our fellow-citizens of all the earth. Bright also let it be not only in mechanical advancement, but also in the culture of the intellect, the affections and the virtues, while it constantly secures to itself more and more of mere mortal and bodily comfort. May the year bear in mind that if its heart is not bettered, if it be not more generous, more humane, more upright and honoring in all its acts—little will avail—steamer, railway, or telegraph, for the promotion of human happiness.

With one hand we dismiss the old year, thanking it for all the favors it has conferred, and with the other we grasp the new and draw it towards us for an affectionate embrace. Let us love one another, and have good cause so to do—thou infant year!

#### A CURIOUS MODERN DISEASE.

It is not necessary to attend the hospital or a course of clinical lectures at the Academy to become familiar with the strangest maladies to which our species is subject. Dislocated bones, disordered digestion and amorphous tumors, are in their way, no doubt, delightful subjects of study; but we prefer to make our *clinique* on the sidewalk, and to acquaint ourselves with such symptoms as indicate a diseased state of character and the general dissolution of the happy union of soul and body. Our readers will at once understand that we have reference to a particular class of Broadway promenaders familiarly known as swells, or, in a still more emphatic dialect, as "swell heads." It indicates a condition of the patient in which the cranium is considerably larger than its contents, giving to the ornamental knob of the human frame an appearance of unnecessary and absurd expansion. This dreadful disease, the most learned authorities inform us, sometimes attacks horses and the more chattering species of the bird tribe, as parrots and mocking-birds. But, we are told, men are more subject to it, and with them it is still more fatal. Medically, we may describe the disease in this wise—Cause—vacuity in the attic—plenty of room and no furniture. Symptoms—Swelling and strutting, alternating between the toad and turkey-cock, fondness for high-sounding titles, as captain, colonel. Treatment—Poultice the interior of the skull with well-digested information, withdraw anything of a soft, soapy character, from the reach of the patient, put him immediately to some honest hard labor, having first taken from him as gently as possible his walking stick, patent leathers, moustache, and other idle appendages of that sort, which are apt to engender fever. Be careful to keep the sufferer out of all places of public resort, such as the fop's alley at the opera, balls, soirees, &c., and, especially, see that he abstain altogether from young lady society. Now and then administer a severe dose, and ask him a few questions on some useful branch of knowledge. In this way he will be gradually reduced to an available condition to operate upon, and in time—the swelling may disappear. Persons having nice young men in whom they are interested should lay aside this article and be ready to apply its suggestions to the first case that may present itself.

#### M. B. BRADY, ESQ.

In this week's journal we present our readers with a portrait of M. B. Brady, the celebrated daguerrean artist, whose name has been inseparable from the growth and development of the daguerreotype in America. Few men have more vividly impressed individual traits upon a profession, few illustrated a pursuit more brilliantly. His experience has been one of uninterrupted success, and in his hands a process originally mechanical has become a plastic and graceful art, varied in its susceptibilities and effects, and exerting a favorable influence upon general taste. The difficulties which surround the application of a new discovery are known only to those who have encountered them. Effects alone impress the popular mind, their complicate causes being usually overlooked. Thus, while many have participated in the surprise occasioned by the electric development of this and kindred discoveries, few have recognized it as the fruit of combined energy, enterprise and ingenuity.

The introduction of the daguerreotype in this country followed quickly its discovery in France. Its theory was of so startling a nature as to repel general faith in its practicability, and until its assumption by Mr. Brady, no effort commensurate with its importance was made to establish its utility. Convinced that it embodied the germ of a new and unique art, that it promised to fulfill an important social and esthetic use, he devoted himself to its development with a zeal to which his present position and that of the discovery bears ample witness. Improved instrumental appliances, spacious galleries, and various chemical and optical experiments, were productive of a result which at once attracted attention, and affirmed decisively the success of the discovery.

The Gallery of National Portraiture, in the collection of which several years were spent in Washington and Europe, surpasses in cotemporary interest and historic value any of a similar nature in the world. All of that Titanic race which lit the century with renown, all who have added a laurel to the art wreath of the age, or augmented its lettered glory, are embodied in this

collection, and a new grace is lent to the art, a historic dignity imparted to the effort which thus concentrates and embalms the greatness of an era. Its accumulation has been effected by the exercise of sustained enthusiasm and energy, and to these solely are referable its cosmopolitan scope and extent.

We have not space, nor is it necessary to refer to the many triumphs which have embellished his career, nor his many ingenious directions of the art to new purposes. We may allude in illustration to the wide celebrity attained by his works in Europe on the occasion of the World's Fair, and to the universally recognized skill with which he has rendered the camera auxiliary to the art of the engraver. To the latter our own pages have borne constant witness, and of the millions of engraved portraits issued during the past fifteen years by the publishers of the Union, most have been executed from originals derived from his collection. Several works, among which the "Gallery of Illustrious Americans," a work unsurpassed in magnitude or symmetry of design, deserves special mention, have issued from his establishment, and have aided largely in familiarizing the public with the features of leading men.

Few men among us who have attained an eminence in business pursuits are more deservedly popular than Mr. Brady, from claims purely personal, for none can be more distinguished for urbanity of manners, and an untiring attention to the feelings and happiness of those with whom he comes in contact. Because this is so true of Mr. Brady, is one reason that his gallery has ever been so popular with the ladies, and in every family circle throughout the Union, a visit to his rooms is always alluded to with pleasure by young people and old. Mr. Brady has the happy faculty of being attentive without being officious, of possessing suavity without obtrusiveness, and is altogether eminently the right man for the right place.

#### EDITORIAL THUMB MARKS.

— ONE of the most important improvements that can be made in connection with the new Post Office, and which we hope will not be lost sight of in the plans, will be to connect a railway track from the interior with the track now in use along the Park, which already connects with the Harlem and New Haven roads, and by which the usual cars from the Boston train, and also all mail cars from these two roads can be run directly into the building without any delay of shifting bags from cars to wagons, or any danger of loss, as there is now, from the careless manner in which the work is done.

— THE progress of railroads in this country has been much more rapid than in any other. We have built thousands of miles where some of the nations of Europe have built hundreds, and if they are overwhelmed with the vastness of their expenditures, it follows that we have gone far beyond our means. Within the past twenty years we have constructed upwards of twenty thousand miles of railroad, at a cost of twelve hundred millions of dollars. This immense sum is represented pretty equally by bonds and stocks, and it is our firm belief that the actual net earnings of the railroads of the country are not equal to the stipulated interest on the bonds. The stock is just about so much sunk.

— APROPOS to railways, we are satisfied that before many years elapse there must be separate lines for goods and passengers. Goods traffic is found to be of so much importance to railways, that it cannot be neglected. Indeed, on those lines which have it and cultivate it well, it is the best part of their traffic. The scope for it is almost illimited. It is, therefore, of the first importance to encourage and provide for it without danger, or with the minimum of danger to passenger trains.

— IN this great city, where half a dozen criminal courts are always sitting; where a corps of over a thousand policemen must be employed; whose jails and prisons are overflowing, and whose newspapers teem with the records of villainy, a familiarity with crime is made almost unavoidable. This familiarity has, to a great extent, made us less keenly sensible of the enormity of crime, less susceptible of horror at its commission; and we are apt to express our feelings in relation to it as if it did not furnish cause for sober reflection, for sorrow or indignation. We laugh at the cleverly contrived theft, and pass jests and compliments upon the genius of the successful swindler—all wrong!

— At the end of the present month, Gretna Green and border marriages will be prevented. By an act of last session, it is provided that, after the 31st of December, no irregular marriage contracted in Scotland by declaration, acknowledgment, or ceremony, shall be valid, unless one of the parties had, at the date thereof, his or her usual place of residence there, or had lived in Scotland for twenty-one days next preceding such marriage.

— We dwellers in this world of error, are like men walking through the streets of a city on a foggy morning. Every one fancies that immediately around himself there is little or no fog, but around others, at a little distance from him, he perceives it to be thick and blinding; and they, in turn, make a precisely similar mistake about themselves and him, each deeming it quite clear where he himself is, and that all the rest are in the dark.

— The corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne (says a Derby paper) are bound to entertain the judges of assize, and to protect them to Carlisle. The latter duty they perform by presenting each of the judges with a gold twenty shilling piece of Charles I., to buy a dagger, and the money so given is called "dagger money." They always present it in the coinage of Charles I., for which they sometimes have to pay high prices when it happens to be scarce in the numismatic market. This ceremony of payment was duly performed at the Autumn assizes of last year, A. D. 1866.

— The year past has been signalized by many interesting and important events: among them, the signing of the treaty of peace at Paris; the birth of an heir to the French throne—the



King of Algiers; the coronation in Moscow of the Emperor Alexander of Russia; the opening of the first Parliament at Capetown, in the Cape of Good Hope; the holding of a Free Trade Congress in Brussels; the arrival at Liverpool of the schooner Dean Richmond from Chicago; the annexation of the kingdom of Oude to the British empire in India; a British expedition against Persia; the commencement of a considerable Irish emigration to South America; the destruction of the city of Granada, in Nicaragua, by General Walker; and extensive forgeries and defalcations in Paris, London and New York. Altogether the year 1856 has had its full share of memorable events. Let us flatter ourselves with the hope that the good preponderate over the bad.

— COL. BENTON has written a letter to one of the Washington papers to let the world know that he never uses the word lady, and that it is not to be found either in the *Thirty Years' View*, the Bible, or in any Greek or Roman book. The gallant Colonel took a dislike to it, it seems, because it was applied to the ladies of Charles the Second's Court. We can rather sympathize with Colonel Benton in his dislike of the word as commonly used by our countrymen, but then it has been sanctified in story and in song, and by its application to the best and fairest of women kind during the past four hundred years.

It is said that there is some possibility of Colonel Benton's going back to the Senate. But we hope he will not. He can do much more good by amusing the public with his racy letters and speeches, which we fear he would cease to favor us with if he were once more immersed in political life.

— WHEN it was once proposed by Lady Holland to treat the books in the library of Holland House to a preparation of mercury, as a preservative from the worms, Sydney Smith gained an opportunity for a jest at the expense of his friend Allen, the political economist, an inmate of the house, and suspected of a tendency to infidel opinions. "The whole family will be salivated," says Smith: "I shall see Allen some day with his tongue hanging out, speechless, and shall take the opportunity to stick a few principles into him."

The journalists avail themselves of the opportunity of the Huntington Forgery Trial to "stick a few principles" into the public, while the public mouth is agape with the marvelous preparations of Drs. Gilman and Parker, labelled "moral insanity."

— THE London *Times* has one of its characteristic editorials on the United States. Here is a specimen of the manner in which this press enlightens its readers:

"What is Mr. Buchanan to do? Is he to make Kansas slave or free? If the former, he will be branded as a traitor by the north; if the latter, he will be denounced as a renegade by the south. The position is delicate, and the decision ticklish, but it must be made; it cannot be temporized with or postponed."

Will somebody relieve the *Times* out of its state of "awful anxiety?"

— THE case of Massachusetts against Rhode Island has been decided in the Supreme Court of the United States. The case was brought to recover a portion of territory that has been in the possession of Rhode Island for more than a century, and which has been confirmed to Rhode Island by the king in council. It appears by the telegraphic report that the decision is in favor of the latter. The Boston papers hope that their "bigger neighbor," which has been trying to get a portion of Rhode Island territory ever since she drove Roger Williams out of her's, will now be quiet.

— THE sharp vicar of Loughborough, England, having dined at one of the village taverns with some of the principal inhabitants, on a public occasion, one of the company, thinking that the affair would not be remunerative to the landlord, suggested that he might charge an extra bottle of wine or two in the bill, by way of making it up. "That," said the landlord, "might be done, but the vicar put every cork into his pocket as a check to the account!"

Have we any persons as wide awake as that?

— ONE of our first and wealthiest citizens in a western city, says that the scarcity of fuel has been the direct means of a domestic reformation in his household. Early in the season his estimable lady had sufficient foresight to infer that coal would be coal during the coming season, and she very thoughtfully made her arrangements to husband that which they had. With that view she had the dining-room white washed, and otherwise rendered habitable, and informed her household that their associations would hereafter be limited to that locality. So far the dining-room has served as ante-chamber, parlor, drawing-room, sitting-room, and dining-hall, and the result has been of the most pleasing character. An intimacy has sprung up in a domestic circle which never existed before, and they are all so delighted with the arrangement that they do not indulge the least solicitude as to the price of coal.

— IT is a matter of wonder that, in this land of enlightenment and refinement, there should exist so much ignorance and heedlessness of laws and customs which it is so important should be known and observed by all. Although the law in regard to unpaid letters has been in operation for a period of twelve months, and has been proclaimed in every conceivable manner, there are yet thousands so ignorant or negligent that they continue to drop their letters in the little receptacles at the post-offices without observing the precaution to prepay the postage. They might as well drop them in one of the Croton water reservoirs.

— ANOTHER party of thirty-six children of the Newsboys' lodging house, left New York city last week for the West, under the care of Mr. C. C. Tracy. They were comfortably clothed and appeared in good spirits, singing their songs of the West as the cars moved from the depot. Who knows but this party may furnish a President of the United States in the course of

time? Stranger things than this have happened, and will happen again.

— THE Lawrence city government recently voted themselves a \$200 supper, and had invited their friends, but before the eventful evening arrived some of their penurious constituents procured an injunction from the supreme court upon the city treasurer, and the funds cannot be had. The court holds that municipal officers have no right to use the city funds for their personal refreshment. Should our courts hold to the same principle for all past suppers indulged in by our city fathers, many that occupy brown stone fronts would have to shift into two story frames, and instead of riding in their coaches, they would be driven to use such means of getting over the ground as nature furnishes.

— WE had a word to say of this present beautiful sunshiny December day, but as it may change by the time the date of our weekly newspaper comes around, we will enjoy it and let the future snow or blow as it pleases.

#### LITERARY.

NEW YORK ALMANAC, 1857. A Weather Book, containing, in addition to the Calendar, a Record of the State of the Thermometer for every Day in the Year, ending December 1st, 1856, &c. &c.; with a Great Amount of Useful Information generally. Mason & Brothers. New York.

WE have carefully looked over the little pocket book, and find such a variety of information that we shall esteem it one of the most useful attaches of our table for the coming year. Besides being an almanac, it is a sort of an epitome of business history, has blank pages for recording different important events that may occur throughout the year, with valuable information generally.

A PHYSICIAN'S VOCATION; OR, A SUMMER IN EUROPE. By WALTER CHANING. Ticknor & Fields. Boston.

ALL who are fond of travelling through the most interesting portions of Europe in company with a pleasant companion, will find the above work an invaluable acquisition for a leisure hour. Although the field has been often reaped, still our author has managed to view many familiar things in new lights, and has thrown a charm of interest upon whatever he has touched.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS AND CULTIVATOR ALMANAC FOR 1857. Embellished with one hundred and thirty Engravings. Luther Tucker & Son, Albany, N. Y.

WE are indebted to Messrs. Fowler & Wells, Broadway, for the above useful annual. It seems to be particularly designed for our friends living in the country.

PUTMAN'S MONTHLY. January, 1857. New York. Dix & Edwards, 321 Broadway.

A STURDY ambitiousness, and a pleasant variety, characterize the articles in Putman's of this month. The leading article, "Italians in America," has a very entertaining account of the refugees who represent a particular class of emigrants, with a proper tribute to the gifted Foresti. The novel "Witching Times," is continued; and there is an elaborate review of Mrs. Browning's latest production—"Aurora Leigh"—with several cunning stories, and a sketch of Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated scholar and necromancer. A sensible article on "International Copyright," and the usual Editorial Miscellany, make up a number which offers good promise for the ensuing year.

#### DOMESTIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS—THE MOTHERS OF OLD—THE MODERN FINE LADY.

It is very questionable whether the present generation of Americans properly understand and appreciate what their more prudent and thoughtful forefathers meant by the fine old English words "comfort" and "home." The feminine accomplishments in vogue fifty years ago were of a far more useful order than those which now prevail among us. It was then considered the true office of woman to be thoroughly conversant with all the duties appertaining to a well ordered household; and as the chosen conservator of her husband's means, however ample they might be, to set an example of prudence and economy, by which the younger members of the family might be properly instructed. The robust health acquired by active supervision within doors, and judicious exercise in the open air, evinced itself not only in cheerfulness and serenity of mind, but in the absence of that lassitude and weariness, and that perfect freedom from nervousness and querulous dissatisfaction, which but too frequently form the distinguishing characteristics of the modern "fine lady."

The prevailing opinion, unhappily, seems to be, that the possession of gorgeously furnished houses, a dashing equipage, voluminous dresses of silk and velvet, Honiton lace, and a profusion of jewelry, constitute the test of gentility; that attention to matters of household comfort is a proof of low origin, and a grovelling mind; and that to know the constituents of a pudding, and to have a practical experience in the best method of manipulating them, is servile and degrading. Not so thought those nobler women of the elder day. They made domestic comfort their first study. By gentle firmness, they kept in due subordination all those for whose moral training they held themselves responsible, and won from their offspring that beautiful reverence which is now so rarely accorded by children to their more indulgent but less judicious parents.

To reject the neat, simple, easy fitting, and unobtrusive walking dress, and to parade the streets in apparel fit only to be worn on rare occasions—to bedeck the fingers with valuable rings, and the feet with the thinnest of gaiters, are no proof that the wearer is a lady, in the true significance of that noble word. On the contrary, this predilection for finery, and the frequent absence of all taste in its arrangement on the person—the entire want of all harmony between the colors thus contrasted, betray an innate vulgarity of mind, and a semi-barbaric delight in gauds and baubles.

Happier far is that woman who condescends to become the helpmate of her husband—who adorns her person with apparel rightly adapted to the season and the occasion—who takes pleasure in performing those duties which constitute the charm and comfort of an ordered household—who extends over the children that call her by the dear name of mother the watchful guardianship required by reason of their tender years, and spares no pains to imbue their innocent minds with that respect for social decorum, and that reverence for religion, which are the best safeguards against the temptations of the world and the pernicious influence of evil-disposed associates.—*Balt. Pat.*

"You have considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi.—"Well, yes, rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."

#### TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

A DIMPLED BEAUTY.—One morning last week we observed, at the breakfast table of our hotel, one of the sweetest faces ever seen, of a girl fourteen or fifteen. We suppose she had just come in on the morning train, and was to leave on the boat in a few minutes, for she took her meal with her bonnet on—a bonnet that any susceptible young man would love forever after seeing it fall back so bewitchingly from that smooth glossy hair. She had a rare beauty of complexion—that soft, translucent alabaster skin that glows so richly under excitement. The whole face indeed was intellectual and lovely, but the chief beauty was in a coming and going dimple on the cheek, that laughed and sparkled whenever it came and went. We watched the fair creature with rather rude interest, for we seldom see such a countenance "except in dreams," and we felt vexed when a clumsy waiter set down before her a dish of hash, strongly seasoned with onions. "Never mind," thought we, "we'll see that fine face with a fine expression of disgust!" But, hah! the dimple danced and sparkled away, the young lady drew the dish of hash to her, removed a quantity to her plate, onions and all, and fell to with an appetite that would have been creditable to a drayman! It is astonishing how soon the onions took the romance out of us.

INTELLIGENT VERDICT.—A New Orleans paper says that an inquest has just been held upon the body of Dennis Donovan, a native of Ireland, found dead in the Charity Hospital. It appears that the unfortunate individual had been run over, and had died from the injuries received. The jury returned a verdict of "death by an unknown cart."

DEFINITION OF A HUSBAND.—The English language is a very copious one! If we had not been previously aware of the fact, it would have been made evident to our understanding by reading the following paragraph in a Scotch paper:

"What is a husband?"

Hear a lady's definition:

"He is," said she, "a snarling, crusty, sullen, testy, forward, cross, gruffy, moody, crabbed, snappish, tart, splenetic, surly, dry, brutish, fierce, morose, waspish, curriish, boorish, fretful, peevish, huffish, sulky, touchy, fractious, blustering, capacious, ill-natured, rusty, churlish, growling, maundering, upsin, storn, gatis, frumpish, humorsome, envious dog in the manger, who neither eats himself nor lets others eat."

"Madam," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation, which will somehow happen in the "best of families," "when a man and his wife have quarreled, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance towards a reconciliation?" "The best hearted and wisest of the two," said the wife putting up her rosy mouth for a kiss, which was given with an unctious. She had conquered.

"Don't you want a real, prime lot of butter?" asked a peddler, who had picked it up at fifty different places.

"What sort of butter is it?" asked the merchant.

"The clear quill—made by my wife from a dairy of fifty cows, only two churnings."

"What makes it of so many colors?"

"I guess," replied the Yankee, "you never would have asked that question if you had seen my cows, for they are a darned site speckelder than the butter is."

An Irishman tried for marrying six wives, on being asked how he could be such a hardened villain as to delude so many, replied with great nonchalance—"Why, please yer worship, I was trying to get a good one."

EXTRACTS FROM A PEACE DICTIONARY.—*Army*—A military police that is always haunting the area of civilization.

*Austria*—The experienced captain of the Jesuit's craft.

*Bale*—For keeping the peace you can have no better ball than the one Manchester would willingly give—a bale of cotton.

*Balls*—Ugly customers to meet.

*Bills*—See Balls.

*Bloodshed*—The red ink in which warriors write their despatches.

*Cannon*—A vulgar moulder and fiery spouter that is always stopping the way of progress.

*Cotton*—The material of which the flag of truth is composed.

*Cotton Tree*—The tree of knowledge.

*Car*—The poor lamb that the English and French wolves wish to devour, because they declare he is disturbing the stream of events.

*Drill*—A good thing for trowsers.

*Engineer*—The worst of breeches-makers.

*Glory*—The Red Fire that lights up the Theatre of War.

*Hero*—A fool who dies for his country, when he could stop at home perfectly safe.

*Man of Peace*—A moral tourniquet that puts the screw on to stop the effusion of blood.

*Manchester*—The cottonopolis of the universe—the capital of the world.

*Millennium*—The period when the whole world will be covered with nothing but cotton mills.

*Navy*—A floating speculation, in which sailors embark their lives either to sink or swim.

*Neutral*—The only true neutral color is drab.

*Plant*—Cotton is certainly the best plant now-a-days for making money.

*Quaker*—A friend who doesn't fight but talk—one who, in the art of making inflammatory speeches, takes his hat off to no man.

*Reputation*—The bubble a fool seeks in the cannon's mouth.

*Russia*—The place that England gets its hiding from.

*Sailor*—The scum of the sea.

*Soldier*—The dirt of the land.

*Shot*—What nations that go to war cannot always pay for.

*Sinews of War*—Money—Without which an army cannot advance the value of a penny, or the distance of an inch.

*Transport*—What a soldier goes out in, but seldom returns home with.

*Wool*—What our wits are always gathering, when we say anything against the war; and what we stuff our ears with, when we hear anything said in favor of it.

An elderly Portuguese lady, having pledged herself to make a pilgrimage to a distant shrine barefoot, her friends persuaded her that the fatigue would prove fatal. She persisted, however, in going to the shrine, and in going barefoot—but she went in a sedan chair.

SPARE MOMENTS.—Spare moments are like the gold dust of time. Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptation finds the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

REDUCE IT TO WRITING.—A termagant having threatened her husband with a blow up, "My dearest blossom," said he, "commit your remarks to paper and read them to me."

A very excellent old lady sought to instruct her grandchildren in relation to the provident care of Heaven. "Who gives you your daily bread?" asked she. "Dad," replied the child; "but uncle Peter puts the butter and sugar on."

A man being awakened by the captain of a boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his berth with his boots on, very considerably replied:

"O, the bugs won't hurt 'em, I guess; they are an old pair."





INUNDATION IN INDIA.—VIEW OF THE BRANCH OF THE GANGES, NEAR RAJURHAL.



## INUNDATIONS IN INDIA.

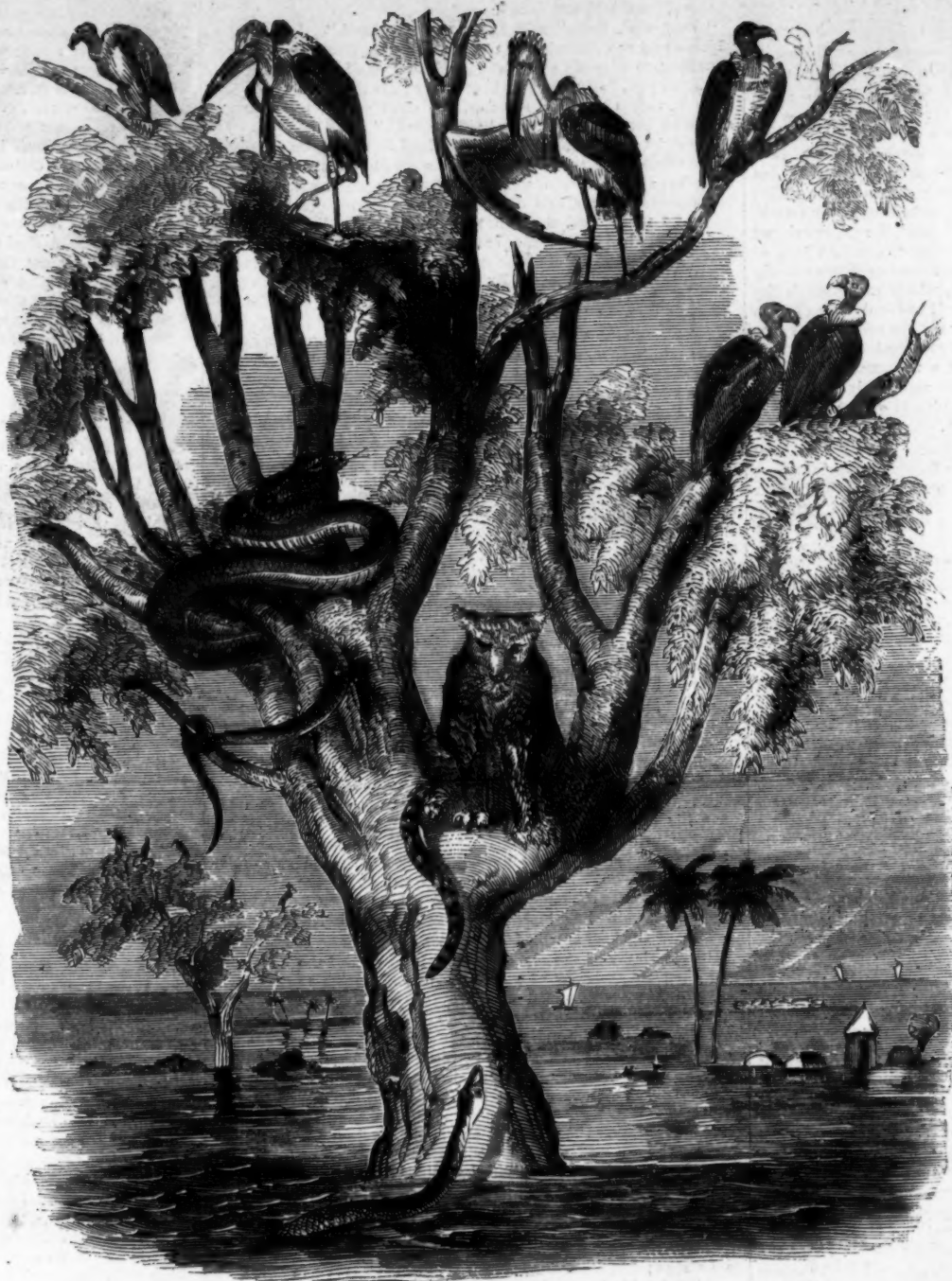
FRANCE has not been peculiar, so far as inundations are concerned. India, or at least a portion of it, has been inundated. The River Ganges has never been known to rise so high as in September 22d; the rise at Migapore has been fifty feet above the ordinary level. In Lower Bengal the Ganges has become a vast sea; the great gigantic valley, situated between the outer Himalayas and the Rajmahal hills, 120 miles in width, is flooded; boats may navigate the whole distance, merely deviating occasionally from their course to avoid the villages, that are generally situated on natural knolls or artificial mounds. The country from the Gunduk river, opposite to Patna, to Sylhet, on the east of Bengal, a distance of nearly 400 miles, is all under water. The Ganges in many places is upwards of 100 miles wide. All traces of the reaches of this mighty river are obliterated; the eye from the deck of a steamer wanders over a vast waste of waters, broken here and there by the tops of lofty palm trees, or by the roofs of submerged grass huts, marking the site of a village. Immense destruction of property must ensue, principally to the rice crops, but the husbandmen will be eventually rewarded, as the sluggish waters of the inundation, highly charged with a fertilizing silt, will, upon receding, deposit a coating of rich alluvion that will reinvigorate the soil, which, probably from the day of the first sod having been broken by man for agricultural purposes—now some thousand years ago—has never had an ounce of artificial manure spread upon its surface. All trace of many of the rivers of Bengal is lost. Calcutta, threatened with an inundation, has escaped, although the water was in most of the principal streets. Up the country, towns have been washed away, roads destroyed, ferryboats and their living freights have been swamped, and the railway works injured. In the hill streams to the south of the Ganges loss of life has occurred from the sudden descent of the mountain torrents, called "hurpa." The hurpa is a dangerous wave of water caused by a sudden and heavy fall of rain in the hills and high land of Beerbhoom, which rushes down the dry beds of the smaller rivers with a tremendous roar, throwing up in front a cloud of dry sand. A sketch of this unwelcome visitor accompanies this letter. Twice have I escaped from this wave. In some of the wider districts of Bengal, north of the Ganges, droves of wild hogs, deer and leopards will necessarily perish. Many of the latter, together with serpents, may be seen taking refuge in the trees.

## DESTRUCTION OF DERAH GHAZEE KHAN.

In the Punjab the town of Leia was almost washed away by the inundations. A similar catastrophe befel the cantonments of Derah Ghazee Khan. The following account of the disaster is taken from the official report furnished to the Lahore Chronicle: "We have received an official report of the entire destruction, by water, of the cantonments of Derah Ghazee Khan. A considerable portion of the town and gaol has also been destroyed. The disaster has been ascribed to the partial failure of Lieutenant Medley's bund—a famous monument of the Punjab public works department—and the consequent rush of the Julla through the centre of the district from Kala to Jampoor. It appears that what is termed 'the usual inundation season,' caused by the melting of the hill snows, had passed, and the district had suffered from an unwonted drought. Little rain had fallen up to the 18th of September. On that day, however, the rain descended in torrents, and continued pouring incessantly until the morning of the 20th September. The hill streams, we are informed, descended with irresistible force—the river and the canals contributing their waters to the general flood. The famous bund, hereafter to be known as the Derah Ghazee Khan Folly, was swept away; the Manka canal likewise gave way; and the stream rushed to the Shorla, overflowing the elevated bank, and pressing with tremendous force on the cantonment bund. Despite the most vigorous efforts, the flood still poured on, passed the cantonment bund, and swept through the line of artillery, cavalry and infantry. The troops were compelled to remove. Bunds were improvised round the bungalows of the station, as well as round the kutcherry and the gaol, but without effect. On the night of the 22d September the station was abandoned. The artillery, infantry and a portion of the cavalry took refuge in the old fort of the town. The remainder of the cavalry encamped in detached parties on the sand-hills in the rear of the cantonments. No effort, we hear, was spared to save the town itself. Amid the deluge the walls of the gaol gave way. The prisoners were conveyed to the city fort, where the European officers, with the troops and camp followers, had assembled. On the evening of the 23d the rain partially ceased, and the waters receded. The kutcherry, we are glad to hear, has withstood the fury of the element. It is satisfactory to glean from the report that, although the loss of property, and even of life, must have been serious, no loss of treasure or of government records have occurred. So vigilant, indeed, were the measures adopted by Captain Graham, officiating Deputy Commissioner, that not a prisoner escaped, despite the *bouleversement* incident to the sudden destruction of the gaol."

The Calcutta correspondent of the London Times, under date of October 4th, gives the following account of a destructive freshet that country:

"The rains this year have been universally severe. The down-pour in Afghanistan was unprecedented, and in August its effects began to be visible. The torrent of water which at this season rolls down, the water system of the Indus gradually increased, then overtopped the banks, and then burst on the plains with a force



INUNDATION IN INDIA—TREE OF REFUGE.

which swept whole towns from the face of the earth. The cantonment of Naoshera, only half built, was carried away. The great cantonment of Dehra-Ghazee Khan was totally ruined, the sun-burnt bricks of the building melting in the flood. The bund, or dyke, which defends Leia, burst, and Leia disappeared. The loss of life has not been in proportion, 4,000 or 5,000 villagers not counting for much in India, but the destruction of property is incalculable.



FRANKLIN J. OTTARSON, NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

## FRANKLIN J. OTTARSON.

We present in this number of our paper a spirited portrait of Franklin J. Ottarson, Esq., the active and talented city and general news editor of the New York Tribune. Mr. Ottarson is a native of Watertown, Jefferson county, in this State, and is now about thirty-seven years of age. He is of Norwegian descent, and his progenitors in this country were members of the celebrated Londonderry Colony, early settled in New Hampshire, from which stock have descended many of the most vigorous minds our country has produced. He has been an *attaché* of the Tribune office for the past nine years, in the various capacities of compositor, proof-reader, foreman, reporter, city and general news editor—in all of which positions he has won the highest reputation for activity, integrity and intelligence. In 1849-50, he took charge of the Local News department of the Tribune, then employing but three or four reporters, and devoted to a limited range of observation. This department, under Mr. Ottarson's management, immediately became extended and systematically organized, until the enlargement of the Tribune, since which time he has had, as occasion demanded, from twelve to twenty-four reporters constantly under his charge—a corps representing an amount of talent and executive ability probably unexcelled on any journal in the country. He also has the general supervision of the paper as night editor, a very responsible and laborious post.

Mr. Ottarson possesses a strong physical constitution, and is remarkable for promptness of decision, energy and sagacity in execution, and a capacity for enduring almost any amount of bodily and mental exertion in the discharge of the delicate, onerous, and often difficult duties of his profession. He has fine literary tastes, and has written several excellent things in prose and verse, but his *forte* lies in the direction of his present profession, in which he has no superior. His familiarity with every department of the municipal government, our free school system, and city affairs generally, enables him to exercise a far-reaching influence over all of these great public interests. Mr. Ottarson has probably done more than any other man to detect and expose fraudulent action among our city officials, and has been the active friend of reform and public improvements, including our city railroads, the new City Hall, Post Office, the Woman's Hospital, and other benevolent institutions. At the canvass in November he was elected Councilman for the 4th

District (in the 15th Ward,) and now represents the most wealthy, intelligent, and influential constituency in our city. He is also a member of the committee now engaged in preparing a plan for the reorganization of the city charter, with modifications of our existing city free school and voting systems, which are to be submitted to the Legislature this winter. He will find himself one of the five or six republican members of the board of sixty Councilmen, on the reorganization of that body in January, 1857. Of Mr. Ottarson's personal appearance, our portrait of him gives a very good idea, to which must be added a very decisive, but frank and cordial manner, and an address which always secures popular regard and warm personal friendship. Mr. Ottarson has been twice married, and is now a widower, having lost his second wife but a few days after marriage, some eighteen months since.

Among his other honors, it may not be uninteresting to state that Mr. Ottarson is a member of the mysterious Elephant Club, and was unanimously elected the "Highboy," to sit in the Big Chair at the end of the table," so graphically described in our columns a short time since, which distinguished and sublime position he still occupies to the magnificent satisfaction of all well-bred Elephants and of wonder-loving strangers, who need an experienced guide in hunting out the lions of the metropolis.

At the Criminal Court of Common Pleas, now in session at Northampton, Mass., Edwin H. Seymour, of Amherst, formerly of Hadley, a blind man, plead guilty to an assault upon an officer, but appealed to the mercy of the Court because of his past life, his present misfortune, and the causes (which he recounted) of the assault. Judge Bishop imposed a fine of only \$20, whereupon Albert G. Hall, of New York, who was present as a witness against Walker, his attempted murderer, placed in Mr. Seymour's hand a bank bill, which, amidst much sensation, was speedily augmented by other contributions from the crowd in the Court House, till it more than sufficed for the payment of the fine. This kind act on the part of Mr. Hall was promptly acknowledged by a letter of thanks from the mother of the unfortunate young man.

From \$10,000 to \$15,000 worth of furs are annually produced in Chautauque County, N. Y. The mink, which not long since was rated at a less value than the muskrat, has now, through the effect of fashion, become a very valuable fur, ranking next to the sable, which is mostly obtained from foreign countries. The mink is still plentifully found in Chautauque, while the martin, some varieties of which are very valuable, is nearly or quite extinct in this country.

It is said that the losses by Marine Insurance Companies the present year, amount to \$26,000,000, two-thirds of which falls on the city of New York.

That's So.—One of our exchanges says it is "aggravating" to see a good-looking man wrestling with your wife in a waltz, without having the privilege of going up and tightening his neckerchief.



## THE SLAVE SMUGGLERS;

OR,  
THE BELLES OF THE BAY.

A LEGEND OF LOUISIANA.

(Continued from page 86.)

On the following morning the perplexing search was again resumed by the crew of the cutter. A boat had been kept at the head of the marsh all night, so that it was impossible for the schooner to have passed up the lake unobserved, and therefore it was plain she must be concealed somewhere in the marsh; but where this would be, no one could form even a surmise. Time after time, as before, had the boats pulled through and around the marsh, and as often had they met together unsuccessfully, though convinced that the smuggler could not be very far from them. At last, as Winston's boat was for the third or fourth time pulling as slowly and silently as possible along the bayou, which ran through the marsh, as they approached the upper end, suddenly the distinct sound was heard of some heavy boat, but not the smallest opening could be seen, the flag and tall marsh grass forming an unbroken line along the bayou. After waiting for a moment or two, and hearing nothing more, Winston ordered the men to give way, attributing the sound they had heard to the plunge of an alligator or some other amphibious tenant of the marsh.

The boat, during the pause, had drifted near the bank or edge of the bayou, and the bowman, in shoring her off, struck his pole against a bunch of flags which grew near him; and, as he did so, the iron point or spike at the end of it struck into something solid so firmly that he could not extricate it, and it escaped from his hands, as the boat swerved off, and remained standing among the flags, which, with those on each side of them, were visibly agitated, swaying to and fro. This unusual occurrence of course excited the attention of every one in the boat, and in a few moments more the object for which they had so long and unavailingly toiled, was achieved, and the opening or entrance of a concealed inlet in the marsh discovered. This, as afterwards turned out, was a cove or lagoon, which communicated with the bayou by a pass, narrow and crooked, two or three hundred yards in length, which made out obliquely, so that only its mouth, even when unconcealed, could be seen from the bayou. Across it now, however, a narrow flat-boat or scow was moored, which reached from side to side, and was secured by chains fastened to piles sunk below the water's edge at each end. This flat was only about six feet wide, but very strongly constructed, the bottom being double and composed of two-inch plank, nailed to cross-ties eight inches square on the upper and lower surface. This bottom was left open or uncorked, and on it the soil of the marsh had been filled in until it reached the top of the narrow gunwales of the flat, which were thus sunk to the water's edge. Upon this congenial bed a quantity of the flags, grass and other growth of the marsh had been transplanted; and as the water continually oozed through the uncorked seams of the flat and ascended into the earth above, they grew and flourished with the same rank luxuriance as those of the natural marsh, from which they could not be distinguished—the flat floating in a line with the low banks of the bayou, the strong chains holding it steadily in its place. By unfastening either of these chains, this artificial portion of the marsh could be swung aside so as to admit the passage of a vessel of the size of the schooner into the lagoon, where, by dismasting, she would, when the passage was again closed, be completely concealed.

Of course it was some time before the exact object and construction of this ingenious contrivance was fully understood by Winston and his boat's crew; but at last both were fully comprehended, and one end being unmoored, the barrier was pushed aside and the narrow channel lay unobstructed before them. Pulling slowly and cautiously on, they reached the last turn, and the lagoon came in sight, and in it—on the farther side just opposite the mouth of the pass, her masts lowered, her boarding-nettings tacked up by spars, and her guns frowning defiance from the port-holes—lay the schooner, moored, head and stern, to a long, low building constructed on piles, and evidently the warehouse or depot of the smugglers.

In a moment Winston saw the utter hopelessness and impossibility of capturing the slaver by force, without subjecting his crew to the almost inevitable certainty of severe loss; for, with her guns loaded with grape-shot, she could sweep the entrance to the lagoon and annihilate his boats as they emerged successively from it, and he therefore determined upon making an effort to induce the smuggler to surrender or capitulate. Standing on the after-deck of the schooner, he observed several figures apparently watching his movements, and men also were grouped round the guns. Raising a white handkerchief on the boat pole, he waved it a moment and then hailed—

"Hilloa! schooner, ahoy!"

"Hilloa! what do you want?" was answered from on board.

"I want to have a parley with you," replied Winston.

"Well, come on," was the reply, and a white flag was also raised above the nettings.

Pulling across the lagoon, the boat approached the side of the schooner, and Winston saw, standing on the rail and holding on to the nettings, an individual, whom he at once recognized, notwithstanding his entire change of dress and deportment, as his old acquaintance, the skipper of La Belle Creole.

"Bonjour, Monsieur le Capitain," said he, laughing and showing his white teeth, "how do you do—we have met again, it seems; I was thinking about paying you another visit, but was afraid I had forfeited my welcome."

"Oh, no," replied Winston, in the same tone; "I assure you it should have been much warmer than before—that is, if you had come in your own character," and he pointed towards the guns.

"Ah, so I thought," said Lafarge—for it was he. "Well, *mon ami*, what is it?—peace or war?"

"That," replied Winston, "rests entirely with you. If you will surrender your vessel and cargo, I will put you and your men on shore, with your private effects; or you can take your boats and go wherever you please."

"And what if I do not accede to these liberal terms?" asked Lafarge, sarcastically.

"In that case, Captain," replied Winston, "I am afraid a good deal of unnecessary bloodshed will ensue, for I shall undoubtedly attack you where you are; and, even if I did not, you must surrender at last, for my vessel is superior in force to yours, and you could not escape through the pass."

"But you cannot remain there always, *mon ami*," said Lafarge; "your stores will run short, after a while, much sooner than ours will, for (pointing to the warehouse) we have plenty of all sorts, and, therefore, you cannot starve us out. I tell you, *mon ami*, what I will do, for we do not wish to come to hard knocks with our old friends. If you permit me to pass out with the schooner just as she came in, I will give up to you what is in the warehouse."

"And the negroes you have on board?" asked Winston.

"No, by Heavens! not even a finger of one of them," replied Lafarge, quickly and angrily; "and I don't see what business it is anybody's what we do with them, for we did not steal them from

their country, but captured them from those that did, and of course they are no worse off, and may be a great deal better."

"Well, Captain," answered Winston, "I have nothing to do with that part of the matter; I must do my duty, and if you will not give them up I must try and take them."

"Very well, then," said Lafarge, "go ahead." I had much rather avoid any difficulty with you or your government, but I am not going to give up everything, and so I shall be ready for you, and I tell you, fairly, the first boat that enters this lagoon after you leave it, unless she shows a flag, will meet with a very different reception from that which you have received."

For some time longer Winston remained in the lagoon endeavoring to effect some amicable arrangement with the smuggling captain; but all was in vain, as he considered his position impregnable to the cutter's force, and did not fear the attempt to board him would be made; and the fact was, that now the discovery of his hiding-place had been made, Lafarge was, in a measure, really relieved and placed in a better position, except being exposed to an attack, than he was before. By shipping his masts from the tops, he could observe every motion of his pursuer, as from them the cutter was fully in sight as she lay at anchor inside the pass, and unless she kept all her boats blockading him, which she could scarcely do, he might, if he wished to do so, move about in the lake with his at the risk of a boat fight; for he determined not to quit the lagoon with the schooner until the coast was clear.

Perceiving that there was no possibility of inducing Lafarge to listen to any proposals involving the surrender of his vessel and her cargo, Winston prepared to return, and the two commanders, who were soon to meet in deadly strife, now bade each other a courteous adieu; for Winston could not but follow the example of the smiling smuggler in his apparent urbanity and unconcern. Retracing his way over the lagoon and through the bayou so often traversed, he soon reached the open lake and made the signal for the other boats to go in here, and, whilst awaiting their arrival, he conceived and resolved upon a plan, which would, in a great degree, lessen the advantage of position which the bold smuggler so confidently relied upon, and prevent the certain loss of life which must ensue from an attempt at capturing the schooner in open boats. When the boats at length had all joined him, he communicated the discovery he had made to the officers, and his design for improving it, and as all approved of it, it was resolved to return to the cutter, and commence putting it into execution, a watch upon the smuggler being deemed no longer necessary, as it was evident she could not obtain a more advantageous position to repel the expected attack than the one she already occupied.

The project which had occurred to Winston, was to construct upon his largest boat a strong platform, upon which two of the cutter's guns could be mounted, protected by a bulwark, behind which his men could fire upon the schooner without being so fully exposed as they otherwise would be, and although such a defence could not long withstand a well directed fire from her guns, it would enable him to cripple her so much with his heavier metal, as to make the boat assault less hazardous.

The remainder of the day and the greater part of the next were consumed by the crew of the cutter in completing the arrangements of the plan decided upon by their captain for cutting out the slaver who, during that time, was left unnoticed and undisputed. Early in the morning of the day after her discovery, she gave evidence that she had not any intention of changing her position, for her masts were now seen towering above the marsh, and in the maintop by the aid of a glass a look-out was observed, who evidently was watching their movements in the same manner. True, as it occurred to Winston, she might, during the night, finding that she was unwatched, have landed her slaves; but if she had, far from regretting, he would have rejoiced at it, for there was scarcely a chance that they would not be discovered, and he had no wish to subject them to the casualties of the coming combat. For one reason particularly, Winston felt anxious that the precise nature of the preparations he was making should remain a secret to Lafarge; for, expecting, of course, to be attacked in boats, he would make his preparations accordingly, and most probably load all his guns with grape-shot or canister, which, at the distance of several hundred yards would do less damage to the battery or the launch than round shot would occasion. The work, therefore, was entirely carried on the far side of the cutter, which, being so much higher out of water than the launch, effectually concealed her, even when the platform was finished and the guns mounted, which was completed an hour or two before dark.

From that time until two o'clock next morning, all was still on board the cutter; but then all her boats left her side with muffled oars and officers and men armed to the teeth, the three smaller boats each having a tow-line fast to the launch, as the platform, which had been erected upon her, covered all her ruddocks, but the two after ones. In these two long oars doubly manned were worked, and an oar also supplied the place of the tiller in steering. Proceeding silently in this manner, the mouth of the bayou was soon reached, and here two of the boats cast off from the launch (the bayou being too narrow for them all to move abreast) leaving her in tow of the pinnace alone. Of course, after this their progress was still slower, as they wound along the dark and silent passage which led through the marsh; for the moon had long since gone down, and the starlight only enabled them to see a few yards ahead. All was quiet, and the cautious dip of the muffled oars could not have been distinguished a short distance from them, even had they been listened for, but such was not the case, for, content with keeping a bright look-out on board his vessel, the captain of the slaver had extended his precautions no farther, and uninterruptedly his adversaries advanced towards him until they reached the last pass leading to the lagoon. Here Winston resolved to remain until daylight, the launch in advance ready to pour destruction upon any foe that might assail them.

In impatient and anxious suspense the different boat's crews now awaited the approach of day, a suspense the more irksome and unbearable from their confined and cramped situation. Again and again was many a wishful eye cast towards the quarter from which the bright luminary of day dispatched the first beams of light as heralds of his approach. At last they came, changing the dark shade of night into the grey tint of dawn, which, in its turn, gradually brightened into day, and Winston gave his final orders, which their fulfilment will explain.

A few vigorous strokes of the launch's oars propelled her round the point which had concealed her, and she came in full view of the schooner, which lay moored, as before, and ready to receive her assailants, whose first movements had been heard and understood, and in another moment all her guns belched forth at once their hurling storm of iron hail. But, as Winston had expected, they were loaded with grape, which, though they struck and rattled fearfully on all parts of the bulwark, did no material damage, nor hurt a man of the crew. And now came the launch's turn, and crash went the two heavy balls of her guns through the slaver's sides, dismounting in their passage one of her guns and strewing her deck with killed and wounded. Discovering her error, she too now returned the fire of the launch with round shot, and for a few moments longer the fight was kept up between them, the boats still keeping out of sight. In this time the temporary bulwark of the launch was terribly battered, and several of his crew killed and wounded; but the schooner

had fared still worse, another one of her guns being dismounted, and many of her men disabled. At a signal from Winston, the boats now shot round the point, and pulled with loud cheers swiftly towards the slaver, separating so as to present as small a mark as possible for her guns, but before reaching her, the victory, which was afterwards gained, was dearly purchased.

Two of her side guns were already, as has been seen, dismounted, but on her bow she carried, as usual with vessels of her character, a larger gun, which revolved upon a pivot, called a "long tom." Expecting, of course, every moment to see the other boats appear, Lafarge had kept this gun loaded heavily with grape, and, as they approached, he himself levelled it upon the pinnace, and, discharging it at her at the distance of only eighty or ninety yards, tore her to pieces, and killed or wounded two thirds of her crew. Pausing for a moment to pick up their struggling comrades, the other two boats which had received, unharmed, the fire of the remaining guns of the schooner, dashed alongside, and in a moment or two gained her deck, having cut through the nettings which impeded them. A short hand to hand conflict ensued, when the smugglers were driven below, the hatches secured upon them, and the conquerors remained in possession of the schooner and warehouse, in both of which valuable merchandise of all descriptions was found, but not a single African discovered.

## CONCLUSION.

A FEW words more, kind reader, and this story, which has perhaps already taxed your patience, will be brought to a close. I shall not, therefore, attempt any description of the various emotions of the family on the island, during the short conflict between the crew of the cutter and the smugglers, the sounds of which were distinctly audible, or those of their guests, Thompson and Henry, the former of whom had remained awaiting the arrival of the schooner, and the latter for reasons which require no explanation.

As Winston had suspected, the captain of the slaver had taken the opportunity afforded him of landing his living cargo on the main shore, from which they immediately set out under the charge of Thompson and several of the smuggler's crew, to the rendezvous in the pine wood already described. Removing his prize to the entrance of the pass, where she would be under the guns of the cutter, Winston, with a party of his men, set out in pursuit of the slaves, anticipating much difficulty for the want of a guide through the to him unknown country. This difficulty was, however, speedily overcome; for the Indian Gustave, who had by this time partially recovered from his wounds, scenting out the matter with his usual sagacity, and burning with eagerness to be revenged upon Thompson, soon overtook the party, and offered his services, which were accepted. The trail of the gang was of course perfectly plain to his quick and practiced eye through all the wild and lonesome places through which Thompson had led them, and in the evening of the third day the party stood before the gate of the palisade of the slave traders, and demanded admittance. Resistance was of course in vain, and the Africans were given up, and marched back to the lake.

Here Winston found that the smuggling captain and his crew, taking advantage of the rather careless watch which had been kept over them, had escaped in one of their boats, a circumstance which, in truth, the young commander did not very seriously regret. Now came the most painful and trying part of his duty, the arrest of Lawton, amidst the distress and tears of his wife and terrified daughters. The details of this, and of the subsequent voyage of the whole family, accompanied by Henry, to Mobile, the trial of Lawton, his acquittal for want of the evidence of the executed traitor, which by some oversight had not been properly noted, I shall also pass over.

Winston resigned his commission, and in a few days the whole party set out again for the lake in a vessel which he had procured, and, on reaching it, found their beautiful home and all its appurtenances heaps of smouldering ashes, and their faithful servants sheltered under a rude hut constructed from some of the charred and blackened relics; for his vengeance unappeased and excited to fury by the success of his rival, the Indian had, after the departure of the family, watched his opportunity and set fire to every building on the island, and then fled forever from the scene of his crimes, crossing the Sabine and joining a tribe of his former enemies, the Camanches, afterwards becoming one of their most renowned and dreaded chiefs.

With their hearts still farther depressed and saddened by the loss of a home which, though associated with painful and mortifying recollections, had yet been the scene of many happy hours, Lawton and his family then sailed for New Orleans, which they soon reached, accompanied by their faithful friends, and then not long afterwards Winston and Henry were united to the objects of their choice, the latter soon taking his bride to the residence of his uncle, whose fondest wishes were thus completely gratified. There they still live, surrounded by their descendants to the second generation, and numerous and attached dependents, who have transferred the devotion which they entertained for "Mass Davy," now gone to his reward, to his equally beloved and respected successor. Kate, beautiful yet, still rules her husband as completely as she ever did her lover, although he thinks he has the most obedient and yielding of wives.

On the banks of the Teche, that most beautiful and romantic of all the streams of Louisiana, Winston and his still fair partner have fixed their residence, and in each other's society and the charms which nature and art have lavished around their dwelling, they find a consolation for the only boon which heaven has denied them, for they are childless, and no cares of maternity have ever left their imprint upon the smooth brow of Rosa, or dimmed the mild lustre of her eye.

Near them, until a few years since, lived also Lawton and his wife, in a modest residence, purchased with the remnant of their property, for every dollar acquired by him in the traffic which he afterwards learned to look upon in its true light, was devoted to purposes of charity and benevolence; and, before she died, his true-hearted and noble-minded wife had the satisfaction of reaping the reward of her devotion, in seeing the man whom she loved, the husband of her heart and the father of her children, redeemed from his vices, restored to respectability, and happy in his hopes of the future, when, perhaps, had she acted only by the stern dictates of heartless morality, his fate, both temporal and eternal, would have been widely different.

Upon the discovery and breaking up of the slave trade, Thompson and Cannady removed to a small tract of land which they purchased on one of the bayous, near the public road which led from the low lands to the hills or pine woods. Here they lived, bachelors, for many years afterwards, universally esteemed and respected, their house being a general rendezvous for all, particularly in the summer. Staunch and uncompromising democrats, when the two political parties of the country came to be designated by that appellation and that of whig, their house was soon dubbed "Tammany Hall;" but it was, in truth, no exclusive shelter, as the name might indicate, for there whig and democrat were equally welcome: true, he must have been a very bold whig who would dare to broach politics; for, as usual, Cannady was armed with his authority, and closet, book-case and chest gave out their contents, and fast and furious waged the combat until, as of yore, the sea retired



discomfited if not conquered. But, in all else but politics, the two old comrades were the very types of unaffected hospitality and benevolence, and many a poor traveller and benighted wanderer had cause to bless their charity and compassion. Cannady died first a few years only ago; and his old friend, who was known in the community as Uncle Billy, never seemed the same man after. It is true his natural, almost inexhaustible spirits still seemed now and then to burst forth and sparkle with their usual vivacity, but they gradually failed him, and he, too, soon after was laid by the side of his companion for half a century.

THE END.

# HOW TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND.

A ROMANTIC YET TRUE STORY.

A beautiful young heiress had become so disgusted with a flattering set of soft pated, pomatum haired, moustached-lipped, strongly perfumed suitors for her hand, that she shut herself from the fashionable world, turned all her property into money, deposited it in banks, donned a cheap wardrobe, put on a mask, and went, pedestrian like, through the city in which she had hitherto moved with so much display and magnificence. She asked alms of those who of late had knelt at her feet and sued her for her hand. They knew her not, and casting a look of scorn upon her veiled face and coarse wardrobe, bade her begone. She entered the country—here she met with derision and scorn. A few kind hearted people, it is true, bestowed aid; but those were of the poorer class, who had hard work to procure their own daily bread, but they could not turn a poor fellow-creature hungry from their door, and therefore gave a small pittance from their scanty store.

One summer day, a large company met on — beach. They were mostly from the city. The disguised heiress from some cause or other had wandered there. She asked alms of some termed "upper tens." They spoke tauntingly but gave nothing. What they said had been heard by quite a number of their company. Most of them laughed or looked as though they thought it "served her right." The beggar woman turned about and was walking sadly away, when a good-looking gentleman stepped forward, and catching hold of her arm, thus spoke:

"Stay, my good woman, tell me what you want."

She replied in a low, trembling tone, "I want a sixpence—only a sixpence."

"You shall have ten times that sum. "Here," he added, drawing from his pocket an eagle, and placing it in the gloved hand of the woman, "take this and if it is not enough, I will give you another."

The heiress returned the eagle, exclaiming, "I want a sixpence—only a sixpence."

Seeing that she could not be made to take the coin, the gentleman drew forth a sixpence, and gave it to the strange being beside him, who, after thanking the generous donor, walked slowly away. After being laughed at for so doing by his comrades, he set out in pursuit of the beggar woman, saying, "perhaps she is an heiress—or an angel in disguise—I mean to ascertain."

Not that he thought this. He wished to show his indifference to what his comrades said, beside satisfying himself about the strange female he had aided. He soon overtook her, and addressed her thus: "Pardon me, madam, for pursuing you. I would know more about you."

As the speaker ceased, the mask dropped from the face of the female, and the beautiful heiress was portrayed before the astonished gentleman.

They were afterwards married, the reader has already imagined, for the heiress used this means of procuring a worthy husband, and the generous gentleman had long been looking for "an angel in disguise."

The happy husband is often heard to say that he got an "heiress for a sixpence."—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

STARVATION IN LONDON.—The London Times contains a full account of the death of a woman named Elizabeth Mann, who was a few weeks since discovered in a house in that city, with her four children, and in a state of nudity, and totally destitute of all the necessaries of life. A neighbor testified before the Coroner's Jury, that she was not aware that any one was up stairs until one evening between four and five o'clock, when, on going out into the back yard, she saw a little boy perfectly naked picking up some crumbs of bread lying about, and eating them. She was much astonished, and told her husband, who was sitting at tea, and then brought the little child into the room, and, seeing some bread on the table, he craved for it, and her husband gave him some. They then ascertained from him that he had a mother and some sisters up stairs, and, at the desire of her husband, she went up with him to the first floor back room, to which he pointed as being the place where she would find his mother and sisters. She opened the door, and a shocking picture presented itself; the poor mother lay in one corner of the room, and the other children crouched near her, one of the elder children being doubled quite up, her head being on her feet. They all were as naked as they were born. She endeavored to rouse the woman, but she appeared quite insensible. Susan, the third child, an intelligent little girl, ten years of age, was shortly brought into the court. She was placed in a chair, and appeared to have suffered very much; she was exceedingly pale, and her eyes much sunken, but otherwise there was not that extent of emaciation which might have been expected, considering the amount of privation she had undergone. She testified that her mother did not get tipsy, but she had complained of pains in her head for a long while. They had cried to her for bread, but for the last fortnight before the lady found them, she had never spoken a word. They did not have any food until they were found on Thursday afternoon from the previous Monday. That was got by her eldest sister. Her mother would not go to the workhouse, because she said she had no clothes to go in. The Jury returned a verdict of "natural death."

The dome of the Capitol at Washington is advancing as fast as the forty or fifty men employed on and about it can perform their work. The first of the four ranges of panels which will encircle the finished rotunda within is about half in place, being set on the brick-work laid upon the inward projection of the great stone wall which forms the solidity of the whole structure. These panels are seventy-two in number, and they are individually set in the best brick with hydraulic cement, keyed and clamped so as to make them as firm as possible. The great circular stone wall is also undergoing a process of iron clamping, by which the mass will be rendered as compact as it is in the nature of such a wall to be. Its great weight constitutes the stability of the mighty projected dome. It is on this wall that the first round of cast-iron pillars are to stand, of which a single one already stands on the east wall of the Capitol. There will be thirty-six of these pillars, each twenty-seven feet eight inches in height. It requires no very lengthened or minute examination of this work to form an idea of its vastness, boldness and grandeur, which, when completed, will reflect on the designer, architect, constructor and all indeed concerned, a halo of well-merited renown.

## SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

MR. VAN HOFFLAN, at Albany, N. Y., the other day thought he would have a little fun. He tied a tin pan to a dog's tail, started him with a cowhide boot; dog ran, frightened a horse attached to a carriage, horse ran, cut his leg badly, and smashed the carriage to pieces. Mr. Van Hofflan's bill for the manly amusement has been made out in a court of justice at \$160.

The sloop-of-war Vincennes, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is ordered to be prepared for a cruise to the East Indies.

We notice the arrival, by the steamer Quaker City, of Captain E. Farrand, who has been ordered to the command of the United States ship Falmouth, now fitting out at our navy yard, and destined to join the Brazil squadron.

The women of Albany Co., Ohio, headed by a lady 60 years old, recently marched into a tavern kept by a man named Becker, and smashed all the bottles, jugs, tumblers, &c. Becker thereupon immediately started for parts unknown.

Hon. Sam Houston, the hero of San Jacinto, and U. S. Senator from Texas, was in this city a few days ago. He paid a visit to the Court of Sessions, being desirous of hearing Mr. Brady. He also stopped into the Mayor's office and had a pleasant chat with Mayor Wood.

A fight took place on Christmas Day among a number of Philadelphia oystermen on Pawtucket River. One man was killed and buried at Drum Point. Three others were taken ashore wounded. Three boats were lashed together, and the fight continued all night.

Mr. Bihin, the giant, had his house and all the out-buildings destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon. It was a very neat and pretty country residence, situated a couple of miles north of Hempstead Branch. It was insured. He lost also a yoke of fine cattle, two cows, a quantity of hogs, &c.

Two marble statues by the accomplished American artist, Miss Hosmer, who is now in Italy, have just been received at Boston.

Girard College, at Philadelphia, now supports and educates regularly three hundred and fifteen boys, all indigent orphans.

The Greenwood Iron, used in manufacturing cannons for the United States, possesses a tensile strength of 32,000 pounds to the square inch.

The Genoa correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, under date of Nov. 27, says: "The stream of travel swells daily. Messrs. George Ticknor and family, of Boston; Rev. Mr. Treat, of the American Board of Missions, en route for the mission stations in the Orient; Judge Aaron Vanderpoel, of New York, and family; Mr. James Lenox and sisters, of New York, are among the Americans who have recently passed through for the South."

At an auction sale at the Fair of St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, a barrel of flour was sold for \$73 50, and then presented to the Rector, Dr. Shelton.

An effort is making by the Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, to establish a male college within its bounds, to be under the control of the Conference.

A monument is about to be erected in Shelby County, Ky., to Col. John Hardin, of that State, who was killed in 1792, while bearing his country's flag of peace to the Indians north-west of the Ohio.

Boys.—It seems that many of the boys thrown upon the charity of the city turn out very well, after all. Mr. Ripley, who has the care of the nursery at Randall's Island, has recently received letters from several of his old pupils, which show them to be in a thriving condition. One is a lawyer in Utica, another a President of a Western Railroad Company, a third is an officer in New Mexico, and a fourth is a Member of Congress. They all give evidence of an honest life except the last.

The United States schooner Arago, Commander Haven, sailed from Havana on the 16th inst.

The United States Naval Lyceum will despatch a mail for the United States naval squadron in the Mediterranean. All letters and papers sent to the Lyceum rooms, Navy Yard, will be forwarded. The ships on the above station are the frigate Congress, razee Constellation and steam frigate Susquehanna. The mail will close on the 5th of January next.

SHIPPING IN PORT.—There were lying in the port of New York, Brooklyn, &c., on Friday, 34 steamers, 105 ships, 110 barks, 106 brigs, and 253 schooners—in all 608.

A NICE PLACE TO BOARD AT.—A lady, who has just opened a boarding-house in Philadelphia, and adopted the following rules: The gentlemen must not put their feet on the mantel in winter, nor out of the window in the summer, and the lady must not write her name on the glass with a quartz pin. If she uses an air-tight, she must regulate the damper herself, and not ring every ten minutes for the chambermaid. The single gentlemen must not play the trombone nor make love to the servants, nor comb his whiskers at the table. If he does, he won't answer. The lady must not turn up her nose at anything upon the table, unless she has a natural pug, and none of the party must drink with a mouthful of victuals, nor must they fight for the top buckwheat cake. Terms liberal, and board to be paid weekly in advance.

By counting the knuckles on the hand with the spaces between them, all the months with thirty-one days will fall on the knuckles, and those with thirty days or less will come in the spaces. January, first knuckle; February, first space; March second knuckle; April second space; May third knuckle; June third space; July fourth knuckle; August first knuckle; September first space; October second knuckle; November second space; December third knuckle.

The City Inspector reports 407 deaths during the past week—an increase of 34 on the return of the week previous. There were 46 deaths from scarlet fever, an increase of 11 over last week's mortality from this cause.

## CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE present editor, having taken the chair at a very late moment before going to press, is unable this week to offer the usual chess variety to the readers of his column. He hopes, however, next week, and thereafter, if not to equal his "illustrious predecessor," at least to follow as near as may be in his footsteps. If there are any correspondents to answer, he has not yet seen their communications, but will "overhaul the documents" and reply in the next issue. As executor, he hands over to his readers to-day a legacy from the late editor, in the shape of a dashing Cunningham Gambit.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1856.

EDITOR CHES COLUMN: The march of the knight so as to cover all the squares of the board in sixty-four moves, of which you have given one instance in your last paper, is hardly to be rated as a "novelty." It may be done in many different ways. In an old volume which I have, published in London in 1787, I find three

diagrams showing the same thing, and all differing from the one given by you. I copy as follows:

34	49	22	11	36	39	24	1
21	10	35	50	23	12	37	40
48	33	62	57	38	25	2	13
9	20	51	54	63	60	41	26
32	47	58	61	56	53	14	3
19	8	55	52	59	64	27	42
46	31	6	17	44	29	4	16
7	18	45	30	5	16	43	28

1	6	3	44	51	58	63	46
4	25	8	59	64	45	52	57
7	2	5	50	43	54	47	62
26	11	24	9	60	49	56	53
23	18	27	42	55	38	61	48
12	15	10	21	28	35	32	39
19	22	17	14	41	30	27	34
16	13	20	29	36	33	40	31

64	51	12	33	2	53	10	23
13	32	1	52	11	22	55	8
50	63	34	3	54	9	24	21
31	14	41	38	35	4	7	56
62	49	36	5	40	43	20	25
15	30	39	42	37	6	57	44
48	61	28	17	46	59	26	19
29	16	47	60	27	18	45	58

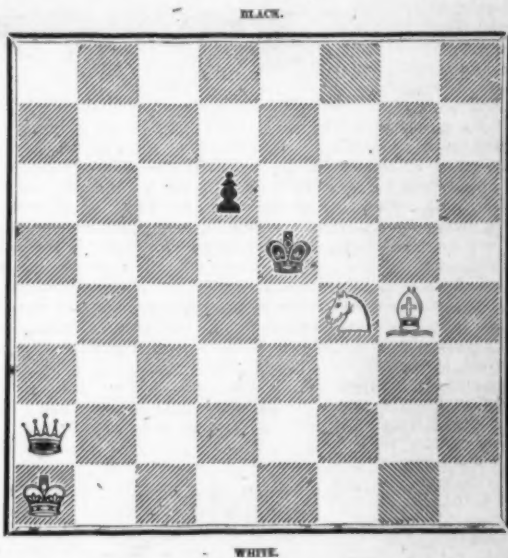
There are several other ways to do it. By the way, one of the prettiest novelties in chess which I ever saw was that known as "Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow." You will find it in the "London Chess Magazine" for 1847, I think, or in the "American Chess Magazine" for 1847. Perhaps you may think it worth reproducing. Yours, etc., ONEIDA.

[The easiest rule to recollect, by which the knight may be made to cover every square of the chess board in sixty-four moves is, place the knight upon any square and move it each time to that square from which it commands the least number of uncovered squares. When there are more squares than one, from each of which it commands an equally small number of uncovered squares, it is indifferent to which of these squares it is moved.—Ed.]

GAMES BY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK CLUBS.

GAME FIRST.	GAME SECOND.
New York against Philadelphia.	Philadelphia against New York.
WHITE. Sicilian Opening. BLACK.	WHITE. Scotch Gambit. BLACK.
New York.	Philadelphia.
26 Kt to Kt6	26 Kt to Kt6
27 Q to Q B3	27 Q to Kt3 P(ch) 27 K to R
28 R to Q	28 R to Kt3 P
29 Q to R	29 Kt to B6 (ch) 29 Q to Q B
30 K to B	30 Kt to Q
31 R to Q2	31 Kt to Kt3

PROBLEM LVII.—By J. A. P., Salem, Mass.—White to play and mate in three moves.



GAME LVII.—CUNNINGHAM GAMBIT.—Between Messrs. FULLER and PERRIN, both of the N. Y. Chess Club.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. F.	Mr. P.	Mr. F.	Mr. P.
1 P to K4	P to K4	8 B takes P (ch)	K takes B (e)
2 P to K B4	P takes P	9 Kt takes B (ch) K to Kt3	
3 K Kt to B3	K B to K2	10 P to Q4	K Kt to R3
4 K B to Q B4	B to R6 (ch)	11 Q to K B3 (d)	Q to K2
5 P to K Kt3	P takes P	12 Kt to K B7	Q takes Kt
6 Castles	P takes P (ch) (a)	13 Q to K Kt3 (ch)	K to R4
7 K to R	B to K Kt4 (b)	14 Q mates	

NOTES TO GAME LVII.

(a) The editor's method of playing the defence to the Cunningham Gambit is to decline the capture of the third pawn, holding his Gambit pawn at Kt3 as a sort of sword of Damocles over the adverse king. Costo, we believe, is the only author who recommends this style of play, but he plays weakly for the defence and gives the attack the better game. Thus:

7 B takes BP (ch)  
If instead of taking B the defence moves K to B, he will have a good game.  
Thus:  
8 P to Q4 (if)  
9 Kt takes B  
10 Q takes B  
11 B to Q Kt3 (dis. ch)

If at move eight the attack play  
8 B to Q Kt3  
9 P to Q4  
10 B to K B4  
11 K to R

(b) This is a very bad move.  
(c) Rather move K to R.  
(d) This renders Mr. P's game hopeless.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM LVII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Q to K R3	1 Kt takes R P (ch)
2 K to Q Kt3	2 Anything
3 (White wins by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64)	3 According to the counter play





1. THE EXECUTIONER'S AXE. 2. THE BLOCK ON WHICH LORDS BALMERINO, LOYAL, ETC., WERE BEHEADED. 3. THE SCAVENGER'S DAUGHTER. 4. SPANISH BILBOES. 5. MASSIVE IRON COLLAR FOR THE NECK. 6. THUMB-SCREW.

#### A CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS. INSTRUMENTS OF PUNISHMENT AND TORTURE IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THERE are few things among the valuable collection of antiquities preserved in the Tower of London, which excite so much interest to the American as the grim-looking objects forming the group figured in the accompanying engraving.

With the executioner's axe, that long list of unfortunates who have met their fate within the walls of the Tower or on Tower Hill, since the time of Henry VIII., have been beheaded. Among them may be enumerated Queen Anne Boleyn, whom Henry first presented to his people as their Queen while standing with her on the Tower stairs, after she had been conveyed thither from Greenwich with every possible pomp. Crowds of gilded barges, with gay banners waving at their sterns, then lined the stream. The noblest of the land were in the young Queen's train or were waiting to receive her. Loud rounds of cannon, and soft, merry strains, announced her arrival, and the burly king stepped forward to kiss her in the sight of the assembled multitude. On the same day, three short years afterwards, she was led forth to execution within the Tower walls. The good Sir Thomas More and the chivalrous Earl of Surrey, Lady Jane Grey and her young husband, the gallant Raleigh, and a host of others, also perished by that sad symbol of the executioner's office. The block is said to be of less ancient date, but is known to have been used at the execution of three Scotch lords—the unfortunate adherents of the Pretender—a little more than a century ago. On the top part of the block there are three distinct cuts, two of them very deep and parallel, and the other at an angle and less effective. The horrible instrument of torture called the "Scavenger's Daughter," was, in the "good old days," used as a means of extorting confession. The head of the culprit was passed through the circular hole at the top, and the arms through those below. The whole of this part of the machine opens in somewhat the same manner as a pair of tongs, the upper part being fixed round the neck and arms, and the semi-circular irons placed on the legs. The body was then bent, and a strong iron bar was passed through the irons connected with the head and arms, and those in which the legs were placed. The culprit would then, as one of the "Beefeaters" who attends on visitors makes a point of observing, "be doubled up into very small compass, and made exceedingly uncomfortable." The Bilboes need little explanation, being only a strong rod of iron, with a knob at one end, on which are two moveable hoops, for the purpose of holding the legs; these being fixed, and a heavy iron padlock put on the proper part—the wearer was said to be in *Bilboes*. Instruments of this description were much used on board of ship for the purpose of securing prisoners of war. The Iron Collar is a persuader of a formidable description, for it weighs upwards of fourteen pounds, and is so made that it can be fixed on the neck and then locked. Such a necklace would, we think, be sufficiently inconvenient; but it is rendered more uncomfortable by sundry prickles of iron knowingly placed. The Thumb-screw, also preserved in the Tower, is a characteristic example of a species of torture, at one time much resorted to. The engraved example has been constructed so as to press both thumbs; nevertheless, it is a convenient little instrument, which might be easily carried about in the pocket. We have met with varieties of the thumb-screw in several collections—some for the ac-

commodation of one thumb only. In the Museum of the Royal Antiquarian Society of Scotland there are some thumb-screws which are said to have been used amongst the Covenanters. Times have changed for the better since the "Scavenger's Daughter," and the other matters represented, were amongst the mildest of the methods used for the purposes of punishment and intimidation. The stocks, the public whipping-posts, boilings and burnings in Smithfield and elsewhere, the exhibition of dead men's heads over gateways, the boot, the rack, the pillory, the practice of making men eat their own books in Cheapside, drawing on hurdles to the place of execution, and then hanging, drawing and quartering, chopping off hands and ears, and other revolting punishments, have gone out of use, and it is gratifying to know that we are all the better for it.

#### ST. MARK'S CHURCH, (PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL,) PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA abounds in elegant and commodious places of worship. In 1853 it contained 275 places for divine worship, and since that time a number of new edifices have been erected. The Protestant Episcopal Church has forty, all of which are remarkable for their substantial character, and many celebrated as among the best specimens of church architecture in the country. St. Mark's Church, of which we give a fine engraving, is considered by many the finest church in Philadelphia. It is 150 feet long, and ninety wide. It is constructed of light red sandstone, enriched with a tower and steeple of exquisite proportions, of the same material.

**INDIAN FIGHT.**—The *Volcano* (California) *Ledger* says that a few days since, some twenty miles above Volcano, in the mountains, and a considerable distance from any settlement, a collection of drunken Indians, male and female, enacted among themselves a horrible tragedy. There were about twenty in the party, and by some means they had managed to procure a large jug of liquor. After becoming crazy and furious from drinking, they engaged in a desperate fight with each other. When discovered by our informants, one Indian and two squaws were found dead, with their bodies badly bruised and mangled; while the living were in a state of beastly intoxication, and many of them bleeding profusely from the cuts and bruises they had received. The whiskey jug was broken, and the poor savages left to recover their reason and then mourn over their misfortune.

**LIEUT. MAURY**, in the soundings made by him, having ascertained that the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean is comparatively level and soft, instead of craggy and rocky, as had been apprehended, it has been determined, instead of laying down a cable, to have nothing but the copper wire, with its gutta percha and hempen coverings, to form the telegraph. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who arrived last week in the *Baltic*, brought specimens of the wire. We understand that he has placed in the Exchange a specimen of the wire. We also learn that specimens of the bottom of the Atlantic, between Newfoundland and Ireland, obtained by Captain Berryman during his recent survey of the Telegraph route or plateau, will also be placed in the Exchange for the gratification of the curious.

**THE Elmira** (N. Y.) *Advertiser* states, that the thieves who have been so long engaged in filching from the cars of the Erie railroad, in that town, are in a fair way of being brought to justice. A notorious family, named Wallack, have been arrested, in whose house were found some \$500 worth of flannels, carpeting, calicoes, and an endless variety of other goods, all taken from a freight car, which was opened by a duplicate key. The gang is supposed to be extensive, having confederates in all the towns about Elmira. A number of the crew at Canandaigua have been arrested, and another at Williamsport, Pa. The officers are now searching for others at Binghamton and Elmira.

A PARIS letter in the *Independence* of Brussels says: "The Emperor's private farm of Fougereuse has just been stocked with its large cattle; thirty superb cows, chosen by M. Mathieu, the steward of St. Cloud and of Villeneuve-l'Étang, have been placed there. The first wheats have just been sown. Such as it now stands, this farm has cost a million; it is scarcely more than 100 hectares (250 acres) in extent, including the meadows in which the Polygon of Mont Valerian is situated. Numerous visitors have already gone to see the farm, many of them English."

**THE Knoxville** *Whig* states that from personal observation of its editor and others, it is thought that from the amount of wheat sown, and its present fine appearance, there will be more than three millions of bushels produced in the thirty counties of East Tennessee the next season, should it continue favorable.



ST. MARK'S CHURCH, (PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL,) PHILADELPHIA.

A FEW weeks ago, Charles Schoch, of New Philadelphia, O was cutting into a large log, when his axe struck a cannon leaden slug, weighing 3 1-2 lbs., which was imbedded in solid wood about five or six inches from the surface. The tree from which this slug was taken grew in the river bottom about two miles from that town, and near where Gen. Wayne and his army encamped during the summer of 1794, when he marched to the Northwest Territory to attack the Miami Indians. The probability is that it was fired from one of his cannons, and lay imbedded for more than half a century.

THE papers, says the *Springfield Republican*, are just now freely circulating an announcement that Miss Catherine M. Sedgwick, the authoress, died at her house in Stockbridge, last October; but the din of politics was so great at the time that the world's ear did not resound with the sad news. The error, for it is one, grew in some way out of the fact of her brother's death. Miss Sedgwick herself still lives, and we trust has many a year of that life which so charmingly unites, in her case, the useful and the beautiful, before herself and her friends.

THERE is a large gang of counterfeiters in Indiana, and their headquarters seem to be in the neighborhood of Wooster. The people of that vicinity have become aroused, and will rid the county of them. Some of these counterfeiting rascals have occupied tolerably respectable positions in society. They have flooded the country immediately around them with counterfeit bills on the Mercantile Bank at Hartford, Conn. The bills are well gotten up, and well calculated to deceive. Several arrests have been made.

ON Friday last, Mr. Thompson, Senator from New Jersey, presented to the United States Senate a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury to report, whether more efficient means cannot be devised to save the lives of seamen and passengers shipwrecked upon the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey; and suggesting the propriety of granting relief to the families of those who lose their own lives in endeavoring to save these shipwrecked persons.

**JOHN DOYAN**, aged 74, was found frozen to death near his woodpile, at Avon, Me., a few days since. He was the father of the noted Helen "Jewett," who was murdered in Thomas street in this city nearly a quarter of a century since. It is not a little remarkable that the sober State of Maine has furnished this city with nearly all the well known leaders of fashion in that class, from Helen Jewett to Kate Hastings. New Hampshire and Massachusetts rank next as sources of supply.

A YOUNG man named Wm. Parker, residing in Sullivan street, on Friday night attempted self-destruction by swallowing an overdose of laudanum. He was soon after taken to the New York Hospital, when, after unremitting exertion on the part of the physicians, he was restored. The cause of the act is attributed to the influence of his mother-in-law over his wife, whom he thought would be induced to leave him. He went home on Saturday night with his wife, who expressed a determination never to desert him.

THE Newburyport *Herald* says a double marriage of one couple took place in that city on Christmas day. The gentleman was a Catholic, the lady an Episcopalian. They were first united according to the forms of the Episcopal Church, and afterwards according to the Catholic usage.

MR. McCUNNEL, of Sangamon County, Illinois, has the largest flock of sheep in the United States. It is said to number 21,000, all of the choicest merinos.



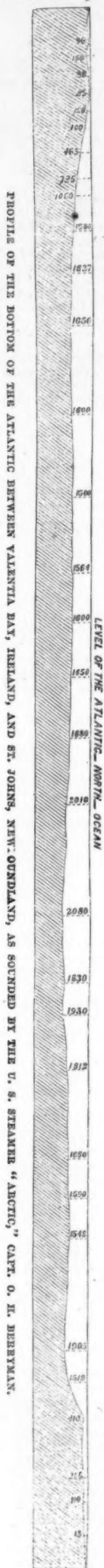
MR. JONES, BY HOOKING HIS UMBRELLA ROUND THE LAMP-POST, ATTEMPTS TO SHAKE HANDS WITH MISS PRIPPS, BUT DOESN'T DO IT



## THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

THE great project of the union of the Old and New Worlds has within the last few weeks received such an impetus by the formation of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, that we have endeavored to gather, from reliable sources, as many of the facts connected with it as lie within our reach, and are thus enabled to present to our readers an outline of the whole, illustrated as far as the subject admits. With the name of Submarine Telegraph we have all become familiar: its essential feature consists

St. Johns, Newfoundland.



in the use of an electric conductor, insulated by gutta serena, and submerged, instead of being raised on posts in the ordinary manner. With the view of giving strength and protection to this insulated wire both during and subsequent to the submersion, it is usual to surround it by iron wires in such a manner as to make it the core or centre of a strong and flexible wire rope. This electric cable, as it is called, having been once safely deposited at the bottom of the sea, soon imbeds itself, if the bottom be sandy, to such a depth as to be out of reach of anchors or accidents of any sort. We understand that the Dover cable, the first link in the electric girdle of the world, is as perfect at this hour as at the first day of its submersion: "The result of this decisive experiment (say the projectors of the Atlantic Telegraph)—favorable alike in its national, commercial, social, and, though last not least, in its remunerative aspects—has been such as to disarm all prejudice, and to encourage a desire for the utmost possible extension of similar undertakings. England is now united by six distinct submarine cables to adjacent coasts, and other countries have not been slow to catch her spirit of enterprise in



Piece and section of cable.  
full size.

this important application of science to the wants of man. America alone, the greatest and most progressive of all the nations with whom we have intercourse, has hitherto been debarred from participating with us in the advantages of electric intercommunication, while the daily increasing requirements of the two nations render such an institution more than ever necessary to the well being of both. The genius of science and the spirit of commerce alike demand that the obstacles of geographical position and distance alone shall no longer prevent the accomplishment of such a union. Under the influence of these considerations, the subject of establishing a telegraph to America has been largely and anxiously studied on both sides of the Atlantic. The chief features which distinguish this project from all previous efforts are its boldness and the grandeur of its conception, whether we regard it during its progress as an engineering work, or contemplate it in its finished state as a national institution. The cable has to span a mighty ocean whose depths were formerly regarded as unfathomable. Once completed it will unite in bonds of amity, and bring within speaking

Valentia Bay, Ireland.

distance of each other, the greatest nations of the earth. The engineering and nautical difficulties in the way of such an undertaking, great as they might seem at first sight, have been found on close examination to be much less than had been anticipated. The discovery by Maury of the "telegraph plateau," a soft and almost uniformly level bed of 1,300 miles extent in the direct line between Ireland and Newfoundland, and the adoption of a wire rope covering for the cable, at once light and flexible, and of such strength "that it will bear in water over six miles of its own length," "suspended vertically," have reduced the labor,

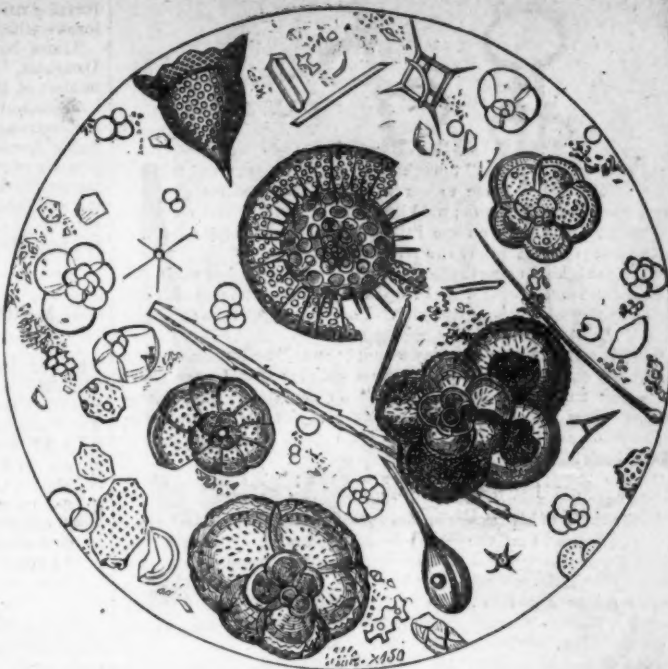
anxiety, and danger of this part of the work so greatly as to lead to the expression amongst practical men of the opinion "that this cable will be found to be attended with less risk in the process of submersion than any one that has yet been laid down." One of our illustrations represents a profile of the soundings taken along the "plateau" by the American Government; and, in order that our readers may more fully appreciate the very slight and gradual variation of depths, which would otherwise be almost imperceptible to the eye, we have (as is usual in the laying down of gradients for other purposes) adopted in the drawing a vertical scale ten times as great as the horizontal one; in other words, to enable the eye to judge of the effect, we have been obliged to exaggerate every apparent depth tenfold. The upper and horizontal line is supposed to represent the surface of the water; the lower and undulating line the surface of the plateau, the depth being marked in fathoms. At every sounding, specimens of the bottom were brought up by an ingenious apparatus; these specimens have been most carefully examined, and present objects of very high interest for those of our readers versed in microscopic science—Foraminifera of various kinds being abundant, with here and there a few good specimens of Diatomaceae among them. Of these our illustrations afford two beautiful groups. The habitat of these infusoria becomes an interesting object of speculation: are they brought down by the Gulf Stream and after death merely deposited where we find them? or do they really live at these enormous depths? One or two shells have been seen which we believe to contain undecomposed animal tissue. Another illustration represents the deep-sea part of the cable, exact size, with a section showing the details of its structure. And here we cannot do better than quote the description of it given by Mr. Wildman Whitehouse, one of the promoters, at Glasgow: "Every one, I believe, on first thinking of the subject, has expected to see something indicative of enormous strength and of great size, and can hardly realise the idea of our attempting so great a work with such apparently slender means. And yet this cable is the result of many months of thought, experiment, and trial, and hundreds of specimens have been made—comprising every variety of form, and size, and structure—and most severely tested as to their powers and capabilities, and it has resulted in the adoption of this, which we know to possess all the properties required, and these in a far higher degree than any cable that has yet been laid. Its flexibility is such as to make it as manageable as a small line. You may tie it in a knot about your arm without injury. Its weight is but 18 cwt. to the mile, and its strength such that it will bear in water over six miles of its own length if suspended vertically. Its specific gravity is such that there can be no question about its sinking to the bottom, for it is heavier than those shells which have been brought up by sounding. The strands of slender iron wire by which it is surrounded will, it is true, suffer corrosion or decomposition in a short time; but in doing so the material of which they consist will enter into chemical union with the soft mud in which the cable is imbedded, and will thus form a concrete mass of calcareous or siliceous substance, affording the very best possible protection for the cable. We must all have seen instances of this sort of incrustation having taken place around iron which has been long submerged. The gutta serena and copper wire forming the electric part of this cable are, as far as we know, indestructible under water. The Dover cable is as good this day as it was the first day it was laid. The insulation of this cable is more perfect than that of any previously made. We now come to the process of submersion. Two steamers, each bearing half the cable, will sail from London early in June, will meet in the middle of the Atlantic, join the ends of the cable together, ascertain that the joint so made is perfect (and it can be made as perfect as any other part,) and then, while constantly exchanging electric signals through the cable from ship to ship, will sail each to its proper destination—one for Ireland, the other from Newfoundland. The steamers will be led across the Atlantic by two pilot steamers each, preceding them, and taking soundings alternately at regular distances, and observations when necessary, to ensure that there is no deviation from the proper track, and to be at hand in case of anything being required. The days will be at their longest, and there will be no real night to cause delay or interruption. It is expected that the process will be completed in about eight days. On approaching the land at each end a much thicker cable will be used, such as will be sufficiently strong to resist accident from the fouling of anchors or the effect of currents, and here the five years' experience of the Dover cable gives us the greatest confidence as to durability. At the Newfoundland end, where icebergs, by grounding, might do us more mischief than anchors could do on our own coast, we are fortunately able, by keeping some distance to the north of the Great Bank, to carry our cable into a harbor perfectly land-locked, into which no iceberg can enter, without at any part having less than 200 to 250 fathoms of water—a depth sufficient to guard us against accident."

## THE SHORTEST DAY.

THE sun reaches the winter solstice on the twenty-second day of December, which is of course the shortest day to the people residing in the northern hemisphere. But why is it the shortest day? The inclination of the ecliptic, or sun's path in the heavens to the equator, causes that luminary to pass twenty-three degrees and twenty-eight minutes alternately north and south of the equator, and it is on the day above named that the sun reaches its extreme southern limit. As it is a law of mechanics that a luminary can light but half a sphere at one time, of course the northern limit of the sun's rays must fall just as many degrees short of the north pole as the sun itself is south of the equator; and the illumination at the same time reaches an equal number of degrees over and beyond the south pole.

The northern hemisphere will therefore have more shadows than light, and the night will be longer than the days. The further we proceed from the equator, the greater the discrepancy will appear, until we reach the north pole, which is immersed in a six months' night. The sun will not lift its disc above the horizon to a person standing at the pole, (if that were possible) for three months to come, or until the luminary again in its northern progress reaches the equator. At that precise moment its rays just touch both poles, but they are speedily withdrawn from the southern one as the equinoctial line is crossed.

There are several days at this season when the variation in length will be very little, if any; the reason of which is this: When the sun reaches



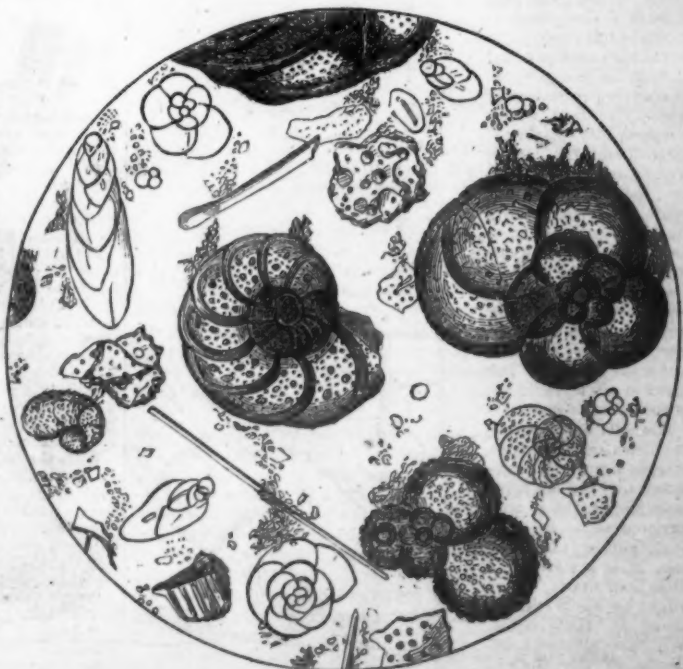
HIGHLY MAGNIFIED INFUSORIA, BROUGHT UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF ATLANTIC OCEAN, IN SOUNDING FOR THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

the extreme limit of its path, and is about to return, there is a considerable distance where the ecliptic is very nearly parallel with the equator, and therefore the luminary neither approaches nor departs north or south.

If the two circles we have named coincide throughout—that is to say, if the earth's axis were perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, the sun would always be on the equator; there would be no changes of the seasons, the days and nights would always be twelve hours each; and our daylight and darkness would be such as we experience on the twentieth of March and on the twenty-third of September.

NO MOLASSES! NO THANKSGIVING!—Rev. Grant Powers, the author of a history of Coos county, published some years since, relates a queer circumstance. Coos, in the olden time, was the name of a Massachusetts colony, toward the north-east. From the paragraph below, it appears that thanksgiving festival was deferred on account of a deficiency of molasses! We can only say that the historian would have solved a perplexing mystery to our minds if he had stated whether those boys who went to "No. 4" ever did come back, or whether the molasses for which they were sent ever was produced: Early in the settlement of Coos it so happened that the annual thanksgiving was passed before the intelligence of it arrived there, but soon after a Dr. White came up to visit his friends at Newbury, and brought with him a proclamation. This proclamation was read publicly on the Sabbath day by Mr. Powers, and by him it was proposed that they should keep a thanksgiving, notwithstanding the time specified by the Governor was passed, and proposed the next Thursday. Upon this a member arose and gravely proposed that it might be deferred longer—"for," said he, "there is not a drop of molasses in the town, and we know how very important it is to have molasses to keep thanksgiving. My boys have gone to No. 4, and will be back probably the beginning of next week, and they will bring molasses; and it had better be put off till next week, Thursday." It was unanimously agreed to; but the molasses not coming, it was deferred another week; and, finally, thanksgiving was kept without molasses. This, which is enough to provoke a smile, will, nevertheless, show us the simplicity and destitution of these days.

RICHARD HILLIARD, one of the oldest and most esteemed citizens of Cleveland, Ohio, died at his residence in that city, on Sunday, the 21st inst. The Plaindealer says he was the oldest merchant in active business in the city, excepting perhaps one, having arrived in Cleveland in the spring of 1826, directly from Hamilton, C. W., being a native of Vermont. He was, at the time of his death, the chief of the two leading houses, Hilliard, Hayes & Co., of this city, and Hilliard, Hayes, Hopkins & Co., of New York. He was for many years a director of the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad Company, and was, at the time of his death, one of the Commissioners of the City Water Works.



HIGHLY MAGNIFIED INFUSORIA, BROUGHT UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, IN SOUNDING FOR THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.



## A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"  
"MINNIE GREY," ETC.

(Continued in No. 52.)

## CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED.

"I shall see her again," thought our hero, "yet must not tell her what I feel. I shall listen to her voice, nor dare confess how my heart vibrates at the sound; hold her hand in mine, endure the electric touch, nor venture on one little pressure; school my eyes, lest their glances should betray the love she has rejected."

"My good, kind uncle dreams not of the torture he has subjected me to, for I must wear a mask upon my visage, and measure my words by the cold rules of courtesy. I never thought to have taught myself such lessons."

"What artificial creatures may we not become," he continued as he paced his chamber. "Bella doubtless believes that I have overcome my boyish passion. Boyish!" he repeated with a bitter laugh; "how the world affects to sneer at the word. As if the sapling felt not the scathing lightning's blast as keenly as the gnarled oak!"

"More keenly," he added, after a pause; "the tender fibres quiver 'neath the shock the aged trunk repels."

In the midst of his regrets he had one consolation—the conviction, for such it was, that the pangs he endured were endured alone. Little did he imagine that at the very moment he came to this conclusion poor Bella was schooling her heart and face, that no imprudent word or unguarded look might betray the real state of her feelings; feelings which had already plucked the rose of health from her pale cheek, leaving only its colorless sister there.

Just as our hero was about to dress he recollected that he had promised to accompany Albert Mortimer and Harry that very evening to the opera.

"It will be an excellent excuse," he thought, "for leaving the General's. I shall at least be able to shorten the agony of my visit."

Accordingly, he wrote to his friend, informing him that he was compelled to dine at General Trelawny's, but promised to join him during the evening.

The officer was with Harry when the note arrived.

"At General Trelawny's?" repeated Harry, handing it at the same time to his visitor. "It was there, I think, you first became acquainted with Harold?"

"It was."

"The General has a daughter, has he not?"

"Two," replied Albert, with an unembarrassed air; "Eugenia and Bella."

"What are they like? Describe them."

"I have little talent for word painting," said the soldier, laughingly; "but I will do my best. Eugenia is one of those magnificent beauties who take you by surprise. It is impossible to conceive anything more graceful than her carriage. She is a brilliant musician, sings divinely, and waltzes like Herbele."

"Has she any heart?" inquired the former.

"Of that you will doubtless have an opportunity of judging yourself," observed Mortimer; "for Harold, who is so intimate there, will of course press at you to the general. But as for the young lady having a heart or not, it is a problem I never ventured to speculate upon. Laying at hearts is too dangerous a game for a poor man to indulge in."

"And her sister?" added Harry, without paying attention to his last remark.

"Bella! Oh, she is one of those quiet girls who, without striking you at first, glide like a shadow into your affections. Her spirit is gentle as the first breath of spring waving the unclosed flower."

"I can understand," thought Harold's friend, "the cause of his sorrow now."

## CHAPTER XIV.

'Tis hard to be parted from those  
With whom we forever could dwell;  
But better, indeed, is the sorrow that flows,  
When perhaps we are saying forever farewell.—Mrs. Orix.

The dinner at General Trelawny's was strictly a family party, for Sir Mordaunt Tracy and his nephew were the only guests invited. The old soldier received the latter with a cordiality which proved the high opinion he entertained of his merits; there was no mistaking his feelings towards him; they said almost as plainly as words could have done, "Win her and wear her, my boy, and take her father's blessing with her."

Harold saw this, and it added to the bitterness of his disappointment.

It was not till a few minutes before dinner was announced that the sisters, accompanied by Mrs. Mortimer, made their appearance in the drawing-room. Eugenia, as usual, was all smiles and sunshine, as brilliant as the gems she wore, and we need not say as cold and heartless; for she had watched the struggles of Bella, the regrets which were slowly undermining the bloom of health upon her cheek, yet never once felt tempted to pronounce the words, "Be free. Take back your promise." She was far too selfish to sacrifice her pride and caprice—for it reached not the name of passion—which our hero had inspired; it was her vanity he had touched and no her affections.

Bella faintly smiled as she placed her hand in Harold's. He felt that it trembled in his, yet it revived no latent hope; their explanation had been too explicit on the subject. The fair girl was too high-principled to coquet with him as her sister had done.

"How pale she is," he thought, as he offered her his arm to conduct her to the dining-room.

"He is much changed," mentally observed Bella.

And she was right—not so much in feature perhaps, as in expression. The animation, the sunny smile had disappeared, and his countenance appeared bathed as it were in shadow.

The dinner passed silently enough, for cheerfulness is one of the few things which wealth cannot command. It was in vain that the General and the baronet exerted themselves, and Eugenia tried to be brilliant; she succeeded only in being sarcastic. It was a relief to all when it was over, and the party assembled once more in the drawing-room.

A single card-table had been placed for the General's usual rubber of whist. The eldest daughter divined her father's tactics, and determined, if possible, to defeat them. She trembled lest Harold should win her secret from what she thought fit to term the weakness of Bella, and seating herself at the piano in the next room, which communicated by folding doors with the principal drawing-room, imagined she had—to use a diplomatic phrase—made herself mistress of the situation.

The old soldier, however, was not so easily defeated. He saw the manoeuvre, and, half suspecting its motive, insisted on her joining the card-table.

"I thought you might like a little music," observed the beauty, in a tone of ill-concealed disappointment.

"Your sister can play to us," replied her father, drily.

Sir Mordaunt Tracy saw the move, which he ably seconded by requesting the latter to sing the song which had afforded him so much delight at Granstoun.

To the astonishment of her sister, Bella not only readily complied, but offered her arm to Harold to lead her to the instrument. Eugenia bit her lips with vexation.

"I have trusted to a broken reed," she thought. "Despite her oath, she has made up her mind to accept him;" and a pang of disappointment shot through her heart.

The weak and vicious seldom give the good credit for that high principle which sustains them in the trials and temptations to which poor humanity is exposed. They cannot comprehend it; and, incapable themselves of abnegation and sacrifice, form their judgment of others by their own standard.

Our hero was not deceived. He had formed too just an appreciation of the character of the girl to whom he had given his affections to suppose her for one moment capable of having trifled with him. True, his heart beat more quickly, but it was not with hope.

Bella sung the song the baronet had demanded. Her voice faltered a little at the conclusion, for the presentiment that the home she so loved might soon become desolate forced itself upon her, and she felt for her father's sorrow.

"I thought, Mr. Tracy," she said, in her low, musical tone of voice, "that you intended to travel?"

"Such is my purpose," replied her lover; "and I should have quitted England before this but for the interests of a valued friend, which are seriously menaced."

"You promised to regard me as a sister?"

"I have tried to do so."

"You will not, then, be angry with me," continued the fair girl, "if I use a sister's privilege, and speak to you without disguise, as to a brother? Harold, you are young. Nature has gifted you with talents that promise a career of usefulness and honor—usefulness to your fellow-creatures, with whom, like all pure, lofty natures, you possess generous sympathies; and honor to the name you bear, to the rank you must one day occupy in the world. I have observed with more pain than I can express, the change that has come over you. Is it wise—is it just to yourself," she added, "to yield to useless regrets without an effort?"

"Indifference, Miss Trelawny, is an acute logician," replied the young man, with a sigh.

"Indifference!" repeated Bella, with suppressed emotion. "Friendship would have been a better word, and a far kinder one. For the first time, Harold, you give me cause to accuse you of injustice."

"I did not intend to do so," he answered; "but when the heart is crushed, an involuntary cry will sometimes force itself. You were my manhood's future, the realization of my boyhood's dreams, the being destined to mar or make my whole existence. True, I may mingle in the world, but it has lost its sunshine; enter the race of pleasure, interest, or ambition with my fellow men, but the prize will have lost its value. Pardon me," he added, "for again presuming to allude to hopes you have condemned in silence."

There was neither excitement nor passion in his tone or manner. To all outward appearance both were cold as the snows which rest eternally on Etna's crest, though, like those snows, they veiled the fire beneath—a fire which was slowly consuming him.

"Can you be firm, Harold," inquired Bella, after a few moments' reflection, "and hear, without permitting a word, a cry to escape you, a truth which will wring your heart?"

"I can; I promise you."

"I am dying, Harold," she whispered. "Hush! I think of my poor father. The blow will fall upon him quite soon enough. The brief space which remains to me of life must be devoted to preparing him for my loss. I shall never be the bride of any man. The grave claims me. It is no phantom of my imagination," she added, "but a deep and solemn conviction; and if I reveal it to you, my friend, my brother, it is that the knowledge may assist to heal the wound I have involuntarily caused."

Cold drops of perspiration stood upon his brow, wrung from him by agony and despair, as he listened to her words, till his senses reeled beneath the shock.

He sank on his knees beside her and seized her hand, which he pressed passionately to his lips.

As Bella felt his hot tears upon it, she might have counted them one by one by the pangs that rent her heart.

"I have imparted this to you," she said, in a broken voice, "to awaken you from a dream that never can be realized, to rouse your exertions to extinguish a love which I—I know to be sincere, but never can return."

"Bella, love, will you not sing again?" demanded her sister from the adjoining room, her jealousy alarmed at the silence which had succeeded to the song.

"Hearts are led, Eugenia," said her father.

"I have not one!" exclaimed the beauty, petulantly, at the same time throwing down a trump.

"On my best card!" exclaimed the General. "Do, my love, attend to your game."

By this request she was reduced to silence.

"You are deceived—self-deceived, Bella!" murmured her lover. "The pallor of your cheek is not the hue of death. The promise you have extorted from me is a cruel one. If there be danger, why not inform your father of that danger! Try change of climate—scene—"

She raised her finger slowly and placed it on her lip, to caution him lest he should be overheard.

"I have one request to make, Harold," she said; "if necessary, a prayer to offer. I am sure you will not deny me. Do not renew your visit here till—"

The convulsive start informed her how deeply the wound would be felt which she was about to inflict, and she continued—

"Till your return from your travels," she said, changing the word, "when my father will be delighted to see you once more."

"And you, Bella?"

"You will find a grave, perhaps, in the churchyard near the Grange. It is my wish to be buried there. Do not press me any further for explanations which maidenly delicacy would render painful, not to say impossible. Should my predictions," she continued, "fail, we shall smile at these forebodings when we meet again; should they be realized, you will not forget me."

"Forget you! Never!" groaned our hero, who felt that after such an assertion it was impossible for him to urge her further. Little did he suspect the real nature of the explanation she alluded to.

"Farewell, Harold!" she murmured, rising from her seat and offering him her hand. "Let our parting be such as befits a sister's and a brother's love."

He pressed her for an instant to his heart, imprinted one kiss upon her cheek, and silently left the room. The poor girl sank back upon the sofa with her hand upon her heart, to control, if possible, its fearful beating.

"The struggle is past," she murmured. "Heaven has granted me fortitude to keep my oath. The rest is in its hands."

No sooner was the rubber over, than Eugenia passed into the adjoining room. To her astonishment she found her sister alone.

"Why, where is Mr. Tracy?" she exclaimed.

"Gone," replied Bella.

"Gone, without a word!"

"He would not disturb you at your game."

Both the baronet and her father guessed that some kind of explanation had taken place, and judged that it had proved unfavorable to their wishes, for both the old men ardently desired a marriage between Harold and Bella as the seal of their long-trying friendship.

Sir Mordaunt felt so bitterly disappointed that almost immediately afterwards he took his leave.

"Unkind!" whispered the General, as he bade his favorite daughter good night, "when a word might have made us all so happy."

"You are not angry with me?" she replied.

"Angry!" he repeated. "I was never angry with you in my life. I feel hurt, Bella, but not angry. After all," he added, as he gazed upon her tenderly, "it is not your fault. Harold is a fine fellow; I should have preferred him to any man I know as a son-in-law—but we can't control the heart."

Little did he think that in dwelling on the merits of our hero and expressing his predilections, he was inflicting torture on his child.

Eugenia felt restless and dissatisfied till she learnt all that had passed between her sister and the nephew of Sir Mordaunt Tracy; not that her conscience was touched, but her fears were alarmed, for Harold once informed of her ungenerous conduct to Bella, whose devotion she had so cruelly repaid, would not only hold her in well-merited contempt, but expose her conduct to her father, the only person whose anger she had ever stood in awe of.

To assure herself how much or how little she had to dread, she sought the chamber of her sister.

"Send Norah from the room," she said. "I wish to speak with you."

The poor girl meekly complied with her request.

"Mr. Tracy has again spoken to you of love?" she added, as soon as they were alone.

"He has."

"For the last time, I trust."

"For the last time," repeated Bella. "He has promised me—and you know he is too honorable to break his word—not to renew his visits here till after his return from travel; years may elapse till then."

"How could you be so ungenerous, so selfish," interrupted the haughty beauty, "knowing my feelings towards him, as to exact a promise which may separate us for ever?"

Her sister looked at her reproachfully.

"To adhere to your vow was one thing; to banish him from the house another."

"You will never be the wife of Harold," observed her sister.

"What should prevent it? He loved me first."

"A memory from the grave, that will haunt him, and raise a barrier between you," replied Bella; "which not even your loveliness—and it is wondrous—can efface. I am dying!"

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Eugenia. "Dying of love! Who ever heard of such a thing, unless in a fashionable novel? Hearts are not easily broken."

"True, the struggle is long and painful," was the calm reply to this unfeeling observation. "Sister Eugenia!" she added, clasping her hands, and looking up in her face imploringly, "act generously. Release me from my fatal oath. It is not for myself alone that I ask it: think of our poor father."

The selfish girl turned coldly from her, and quitted the room without a word. Her secret, she felt assured, was safe, and she cared for nothing else.

"I knew it would be useless," sighed Bella, looking mournfully after her; "but the appeal has been made. Heaven forgive her!"

Instead of joining Harry Burg and Albert at the opera, as he had promised, Harold Tracy wandered for several hours unconsciously through the busy streets of London, regardless of the hum of human voices, and the streams of life, crossing and jostling each other at every turn.

"I must quit England at once," he thought. "Change of scene and pursuits, the excitement of danger alone can nerve me to bear up against this misery."

"Dying!" he repeated several times to himself. "Dying! the canker in the rose, and none suspecting its presence. 'Dying! and I am tongue-tied. Poor General Trelawny,' he added, 'he will learn his misfortune quite soon enough. His child's lips will prepare him.'"

It would be impossible to paint the various phases of love, pity, admiration and regret which by turns agitated his heart, till all at last were blended together in one painful chaos, confused and indistinct; for the tired brain, like a dimmed mirror, refused to reflect the images crowding before it.

In this state of mind he entered the Haymarket, and had not proceeded far before the sound of voices engaged in violent altercation struck his ear. The sounds would have passed unnoticed as others had done, had he not recognised the voice of Harry Burg.

He recovered if not all his coolness, at least his presence of mind, in an instant, and forcing his way through the crowd, joined his friend, whom he saw surrounded by several well-dressed—over-dressed, perhaps, would have been a better word—young men, who were evidently attempting to pick a quarrel with him.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked.

"You must seek an explanation of these gentlemen," replied Harry, coolly. "Scarcely had I quitted the opera-house, where Albert was compelled to leave me, for he is on guard to-night, than these persons jostled against me. Several times the insult was repeated. Deeming such conduct beneath my notice, I passed on. They have overtaken me, and want me to adjourn to Dubourg's to settle our dispute."

"Talks like a lawyer's clerk!" exclaimed one of the party.

"Or a down wester?"

"Or a parson."

"Champagne and pistols for two! That's the way to settle the dispute between gentlemen!"

"May I ask, sir," said Harold, coolly, "if you are an American?"

"Rather think I am."

"I thought so."

"What then?"

"Nothing material; only, perhaps, you are acquainted with a certain party calling himself Brandon Burg?"

At this question one of the party uttered a low "Whew!" significant of his opinion that the game was up.

"Never heard the name in all my life," replied another.

"That I should wish to be convinced of," observed our hero, with the same firmness. "But the quarrel, whatever its origin, cannot be settled in the way you propose. Mr. Harry Burg—and he laid a marked stress upon the name—"is my friend. He places his honor in my hands."

"And who are you?" demanded several of the group.

Harold offered his card. It was tossed back into his face.

"As I expected," he said; "this is an affair for the police."

At the word "police," the party of Americans made a simultaneous attack upon the two friends. All their animosity appeared to be directed towards Harry, who might have found some difficulty in defending himself, but for the indignation of the crowd, who, half drunk and dissipated, as the majority of them were, had still sufficient English spirit and feeling left to perceive that there was evidently foul play in hand. They cleared the pavement of them in an instant.

One of their defenders, a fine young fellow, about two-and-twenty, who had made himself particularly active, had received a wound in the arm from a bowie-knife.

There was a general cry of execration when it was discovered.

"I feel more exasperated at their cowardly conduct, sir, than at the pain," he observed; "that is a mere trifle."

Harold would have forced some money into his hand.

"Thank you, sir," he said; "but I do not sell such services."

"May I ask your name?"

"Kit Corling, sir."

Both the friends entreated him to inform them how they could serve him.

"Well, I will tell you, gentlemen," he replied, "since you are so kind as to think my conduct worthy your good opinion. I have not sought the Haymarket at this hour either from a desire for pleasure or dissipation, but from a sense of duty. I have no time to explain myself fully, but I require two respectable witnesses, men whose words will be believed where mine perhaps would not be taken; and if you would only condescend to accompany me—"

"Willingly," exclaimed Harry Burg.

Harold did not answer quite so readily, but regarded Kit for some seconds in silence.

"And I too," he said at last, struck by the expression of honesty in his open countenance. "If I am deceived in you, I will never trust to appearance again. Where do you wish us to accompany you?"

"To one of the foreign hotels in Leicester-square," replied the carpenter; "and we have not a moment to lose if we would arrive in time to detect one of the most rascally plots ever contrived against the happiness of the innocent and unprotected."

"First let me bind your arm," said Harry, "with my handkerchief."

"Oh, it is nothing, sir."

The gentleman insisted, however, on accomplishing his task, and when he had finished it added—

"Lead on: I and my friend are both ready."

(To be continued.)







THE  
SLAVE SMUGGLERS;  
OR,  
THE BELLES OF THE BAY.  
A LEGEND OF LOUISIANA.

## CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

BUT though he could thus easily determine upon his course towards her, he was very far, even under his perfect conviction, that she reciprocated his feelings, from being so certain as to what might be her's towards him in regard to the line which his duty prompted him to take respecting her father; for that was plain and could not be deviated from, but must be pursued regardless, or at least controlling all private feelings, and would perhaps lead to Lawton's arrest, conviction and punishment, through his now unavoidable instrumentality, as he could neither avoid reporting what he had heard, or give him any intimation of this danger. Even his resigning his command, as he had determined upon doing upon reaching Mobile, would not remove the difficulties by which he was encompassed, as the information he had received whilst an officer of the Government, could not honorably be concealed by ceasing to be one. On the other hand, by continuing in the service he would undoubtedly be sent back to the lake and have the opportunity of explaining his motives to Rosa and her parents, and of assisting the latter, as much as circumstances would permit him to do.

That Mrs. Lawton had any participation in her husband's suspected illegal pursuits he did not for a moment believe, and he at once perfectly understood and sympathized in the position in which she was placed by her connubial and maternal feelings; and, as he remembered the many and unmistakable evidences of a virtuous and conscientious character he had seen developed in his short acquaintance with her, he felt that with her he would have no difficulty in placing his conduct in a proper light, and that she would appreciate his motives, how much soever she deplored the necessity which governed them.

Destroying the report which he had commenced, Winston then finished another, in which, after recapitulating all he had before said regarding the lake, smugglers, &c., he detailed the information he had just received, adding a description of the appearance of

offer the prisoner's family a passage in the cutter, if they decided to accompany him to Mobile.

Once more did the Lynx spread her wings for her second visit to the lake—a visit on which perhaps depended the happiness of her commander and the fate of the dwellers upon that lonely isle, where he had spent so many blissful hours. Once more did she approach the entrance of the pass, and once more, singular as it may seem, did her officers and crew behold the identical schooner, which, on their former cruise, had so mysteriously eluded, and at last completely outwitted them, again entering it, her deck crowded with figures, among which their glasses enabled them to discover the almost naked forms and woolly heads of a number of African negroes.

Again did the Lynx crowd all sail and follow the smuggler into the lake, and again did the latter disappear as suddenly as she had previously done about the same place and in the same manner. Convinced from his circumstance that the Collector was right in his suspicions, and satisfied that she was hidden somewhere in the marsh, and that there also, close to Lawton's residence, was concealed the landing-place of her cargoes, Winston again anchored his vessel in the mouth of the pass, and hoisted out his boats for another search for the same objects which had already so fruitlessly employed him so long, and in which the day was again spent with the same result—the different boats returning at night to the cutter without having made the slightest discovery.

And now arose in Winston's mind the embarrassing question, as to whether or not it was right in him to prosecute his suit to Rosa under the circumstances; for he felt that in so doing, he might obtain promises which if she knew her father's situation, she would naturally hesitate to give—at least at once, and any concealment from her was totally repugnant to his feelings. On the other hand, were they pledged heart and hand to each other, how much consolation and support would he not be able to afford to her and her friends in their approaching hour of trial, and so as usual love decided in favor of love, and left other considerations to be determined as they presented themselves.

Again then was Winston pulled by his ready and willing gig's crew to the island, and once more did he approach the dwelling of his beloved; the joy of the expected meeting being alloyed by the thought of the anguish and alarm which his arrival must soon cause her, and those so near and dear to her. A moment more and the meeting came, and he fancied that he

perceived, notwithstanding the cordial manner with which Mr. and Mrs. Lawton evidently endeavored to welcome him, traces also of embarrassment and restraint. And so it was, as his arrival a second time in pursuit of the schooner would necessarily postpone the intended explanation, and involve them anew in distress and perplexity.

Turning from the parents he approached the daughter, and after saluting Kate, passed on to Rosa, and had he felt any fear before he must then have been completely reassured. The same rosy and conscious tint that had tinged her cheek in their parting interview, the same downcast eyes, the trembling of the tiny hand, as it remained for a moment passive in his ardent clasp, all combined to convince him that he had not been hugging a vain illusion to his heart; and when at last those soft and speaking orbs were raised for a moment involuntarily to his face, that eloquent though hasty glance still further strengthened the intoxicating conviction, which filled his soul with rapture. With all the exaction of love, however, these mute assurances did not entirely satisfy him; and before he returned to his vessel, a single word breathed into his ear, soft and sweet as the music of the spheres, removed at once each shadow of a doubt that had lingered in his soul, and secured to him forever,

"That best, that brightest boon that heart  
e'er knew,  
A maiden's earliest love, unpurchased,  
chaste and true."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

How speed the outlaws? stand they well prepared,  
Their plundered wealth, and robbers' hold  
to guard?—BYRON.

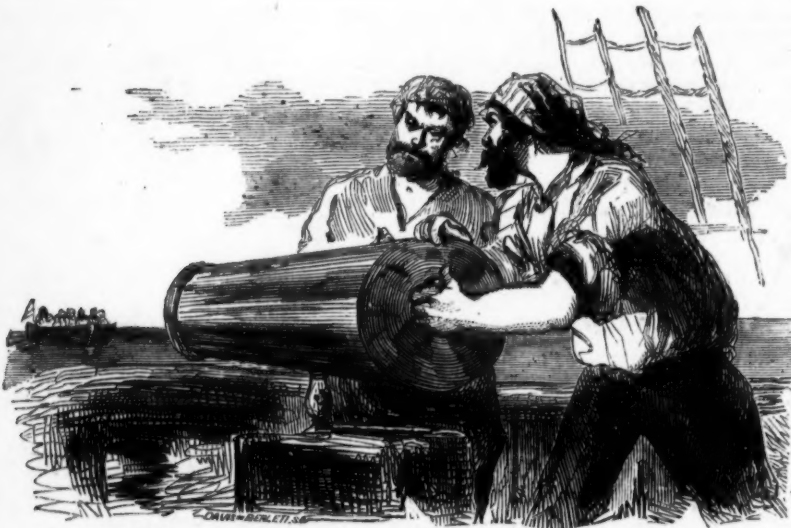
To account for the coincidence of the smuggling schooner a second time running into a trap from which she could scarcely expect a second time to escape, it is only necessary to say that her commander was completely thrown off his guard by information from a source which had never before misled him, but which in this instance proved entirely incorrect from circumstances having changed the designs upon which it was founded. The fact of Lafitte's smuggling partnership in Mobile with Lawton having been discovered and broken up, had by no means prevented the same traffic from again being renewed on a more extensive scale, and ever since successfully kept up. Through this channel he received information regarding the revenue vessels when in that neighborhood, which usually proved substantially correct. Whilst the Lynx was absent on her first visit to the lake, the Collector had planned out another expedition for her, as he did not suppose anything would demand her immediate return, and this expedition would have detained her a month or six weeks. This plan was not kept so secret that it did not reach the ears of Lafitte's confederates, and he received information of it about the same time he received Lawton's letter, requesting permission to withdraw from the confederacy. Ignorant, of course, of the discovery which afterwards took place on board of the cutter, and not dreaming of her being sent back so soon, upon the arrival of his cruiser he had again despatched the schooner to the lake for the last time with a full cargo of merchandise, and about fifty picked slaves, under the command of Lafarge, who was charged with the settlement of all accounts with Lawton, and authorized to give him a release from his now irksome and alarming engagements.

On arriving opposite the mouth of the pass, the schooner was as usual headed towards it and had actually entered and run some distance up before the cutter was observed bearing down rapidly towards her. To retreat was then impossible as there was no room to tack, and to try any other means would be but to ensure a speedy meeting with her pursuer. Lafarge therefore had no other choice but to keep on, hoping that, could he succeed in reaching his hiding place, he might eventually escape with his crew, even though he should lose his vessel and her valuable cargo. His first object was accomplished, and he lay all day long concealed within hearing of the oars of the cutter's boats, as they pulled backward and forwards, and around and about him, in their ineffectual search, which was continued until night, when Winston retired to solace himself for his fatigue and disappointment in the manner already related.

(Continued on page 90.)



M. D. BRADY.



THE SLAVE SMUGGLERS.—LAFARGE POINTING THE GUN AT THE PINNACLE.

Lawton, agreeably to his instructions, merely remarking that his family consisted of his wife and two daughters, as had been reported.

Upon arriving at Mobile he delivered this report to the Collector, as he had been ordered to do, and for some days awaited the result in most anxious and impatient suspense. At length he received a message requesting a personal interview, in which all the details of his report were gone over and discussed, and every other incident of his cruise deliberated upon, and the Collector expressed his conviction that the schooner must have been hid in the marsh, and that there also would be found the landing-place of the smuggled slaves and merchandise, in some inlet, the entrance of which had been ingeniously concealed. Winston admitted the possibility of such a thing, though he doubted its probability, as he said it appeared to him that, had such been the case, in the rigid and lengthened search he had made, such a concealment could not have escaped a discovery. After a lengthened discussion respecting the course now to be taken, the interview terminated—the Collector informing Winston that in a few days he would receive his instructions, and again return to the lake. These, however, were delayed, as public matters often are, considerably longer, and it was two weeks after his arrival before his orders were put into his hands.

These directed him to proceed again to the lake, and make a second, and, if possible, still more minute and vigorous search for the depot of the smugglers, as it was now evident that such a hiding place must exist somewhere about the lake. A Deputy United States Marshal was also despatched in the cutter, with a warrant for Lawton's arrest, and Winston was directed to aid and assist him, if necessary, and the time of the execution of the warrant was left to his discretion, either upon reaching the lake or upon leaving it, provided proper precautions were taken to prevent the accused from suspecting his designs and escaping. He was also instructed to

